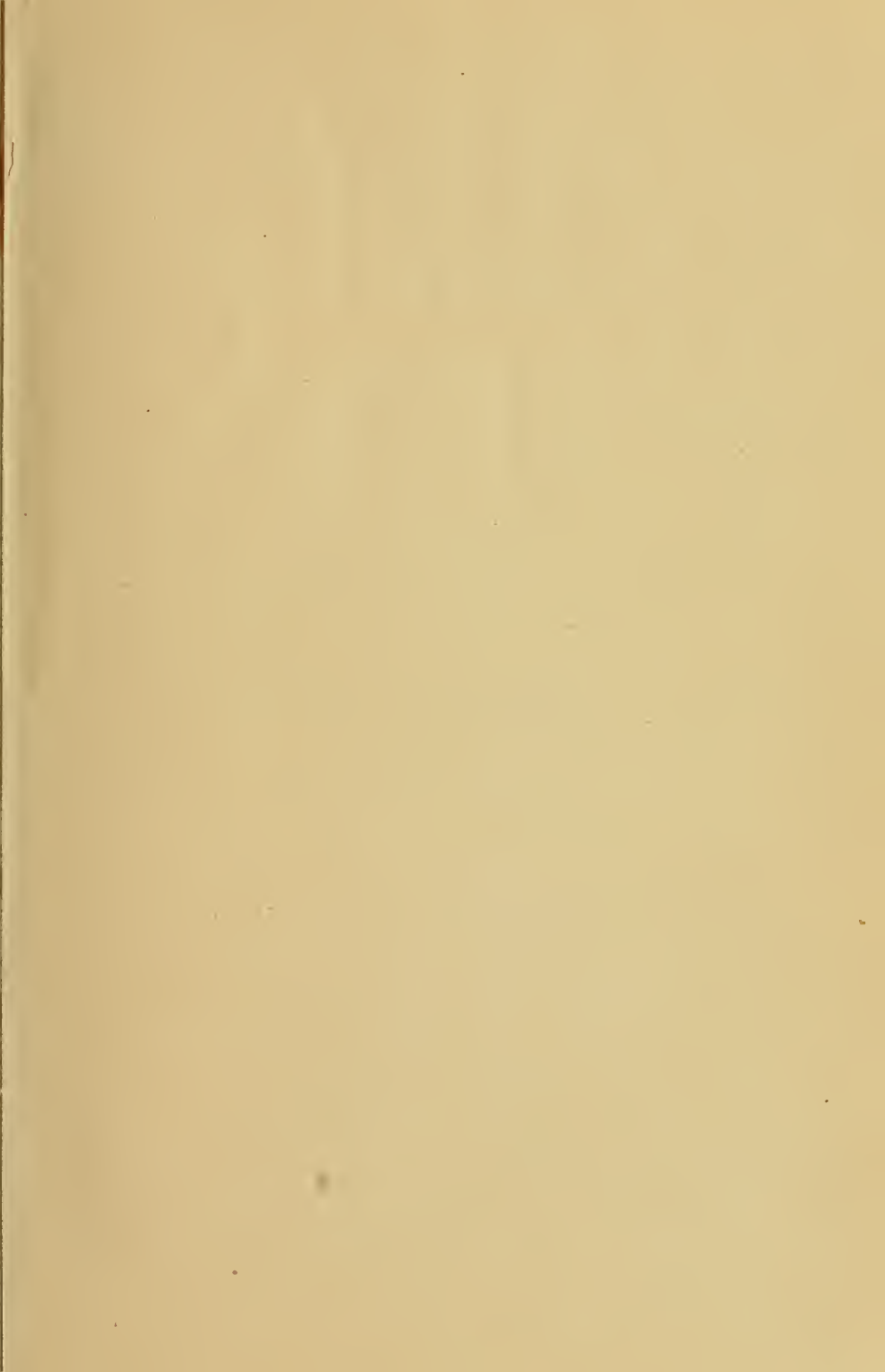


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Hazel Kirke

Steele MacKaye



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Print



James Steele MacKaye

At the time of the three hundredth consecutive performance of Hazel
Kirke at the Madison Square Theater, New York

Hazel Kirke

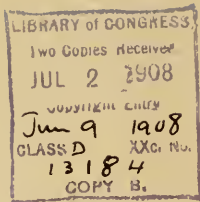
A Domestic Comedy Drama in Four Acts

By

Steele MacKaye

Author of "Won at Last," "Thro the Dark,"
"Rose Michel," etc.

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CHARACTERS.

Dunstan Kirke, miller of Blackbourn Mill.

Arthur Carrington, Lord Travers.

Pittacus Green, friend of Carrington.

Methuselah Muggins, an original.

Barney O'Flynn, Carrington's servant.

Joe,)
Dan,) *Miller's boys.*

Hazel Kirke, daughter of Dunstan.

Mercy, wife of Dunstan.

Dolly Dutton, Hazel's cousin.

Lady Travers, mother of Carrington.



Hazel Kirke

ACT I.

(Scene: Exterior of Dunstan Kirke's mill. At R. exterior of house opening into courtyard and at L. large gateway. Walls to courtyard, covered with vines, view of mill-wheel in back-ground. Down R. bench, down L. rustic table and two chairs, pile of empty bags up stage C., broom in porch, piano inside R. 2, E. Call piccolo before ringing up.)

(Joe discovered marking bags C., Miller boys cross behind wall, with bags of grain on shoulders.)

DUNSTAN.

(Inside.) Here, Dan, ye dolt—more bags—be off, boy!

DAN.

(Appearing behind wall, to Joe.) More bags—more bags for market!

JOE.

Drat it—give me time to mark 'em, can't ye?

DAN.

Oh, I don't care how long ye take—but old man Kirke is gettin' into one of his tempers!

JOE.

Oh, his tempers be dinged—I'm doin' my best—no man can do more!

(Met heard outside playing pipe.)

There's that young ne'er do weel. Methuselah Miggins, blowin' that frightful pipe o' his again!

DAN.

Aye, an' he's always a-blowin' it! Wherever did Maister Kirke find the creature?

JOE.

He was left on Maister Kirke's hands by some help he had—who had the impudence to die—and leave this babby for Maister to take care on, he growed up the mischievous booby ye see him—and nobody can do nothin' wi' him!

DAN.

Except Mistress Hazel Kirke, the miller's daughter—she can manage him wi' a look!

DUNSTAN.

(Outside.) Hi there—are ye never coomin' wi' those bags?

DAN.

There goes the miller—hoory, man—or we'll all be killed!

JOE.

(Handing bags to him.) Here take these and coom back for more!

DUNSTAN.

(Outside.) Will ye bring those bags, ye lazy dolt?

DAN.

(Running off.) Aye, aye—I'm coomin' *(Exit.)*

(Enter Mercy.)

MERCY.

(Calls.) Dolly, Dolly, child—

DOLLY.

(Inside.) Aye, aye—aunt!

MERCY.

Hoory—bring the bundles for market into the courtyard. lass!

(Millers appear with bags on shoulders.)

DAN.

(Rushing in.) Bags, more bags, Joe!

JOE.

(Handing bags.) Here ye are! I'll bring the rest myself!

(Dan takes bags and exits R. Joe takes remainder, passes through gateway L., behind fence, disappears R.)

MERCY.

(Impatiently.) Dolly, Dolly lass—what's keepin' ye?

DOLLY.

(Entering R. with bundles.) Here I am, Aunt Mercy—

MERCY.

Has thee got the homespun, lass?

DOLLY.

Aye—here 'tis—bundled and ready to go!

MERCY.

Here, tie it up wi' the rest o' these!

DOLLY.

(*Tying bundles.*) La—Aunt Mercy—is Uncle Kirke going to tak' all these to market wi' him?

MERCY.

Aye, girl—times be hard and money must be had for Hazel's wedding day!

DOLLY.

Hazel's wedding day?

MERCY.

Aye, child—her feyther has decided that Hazel must marry Squire Rodney within three months!

DOLLY.

Oh, how I hate that Squire Rodney!

MERCY.

Hate him—what for, pray?

DOLLY.

For stealing our Hazel away from her happiness!

MERCY.

What dost mean, girl?

DOLLY.

You're going to make Hazel marry Squire Rodney for gratitude—but it won't do, aunt! Gratitude is not the stuff to make a happy marriage of!

MERCY.

Peace—lass—peace!

DOLLY.

La, Aunt Mercy, you'd say peace to the wicked one himself if he were here!

MERCY.

I think he be here indeed, Dolly—in thy temper!

DOLLY.

Temper! Well, who has a better right to a temper? My mother was your husband's sister, and all the world knows that Dunstan Kirke has the worst temper in Lancashire!

DUNSTAN.

(*Outside, in rage.*) Coom, coom—off wi' ye—don't lollop around here all day!

(Millers cross as before with bags.)

(Following.) Hurry to market, and don't loaf, for I'll be after ye wi' the young colt—as fast as I can! *(Exits after them behind fence L.)*

MERCY.

Is everything here, Dolly?

DOLLY.

Aye, all I had to get!

DUNSTAN.

(Outside L.) Here, here I say—stand round and make things right so and so—and so—don't ye see?

DOLLY.

Talk of tempers—listen to Uncle Kirke, raging like a mad bull!

MET.

(Flying from L.) Hi, look out, he's coomin'! *(Exits.)*

DUNSTAN.

(Entering, excitedly.) Drat 'em, drat 'em, I say—they're enough to make a divil o' a saint!

MERCY.

(Soothingly.) There, there, dear heart—have patience, patience!

DUNSTAN.

Patient—I am patient—patient as an angel—drat the stupid fools—it's taken me all day to get 'em off!

(Hazel sings and plays piano outside R.)

(Anger passes away, sinks in chair, near table, with satisfaction, at end of song.) Ah—that does me good—that does me good! Hazel's a lass to gladden a feyther's heart—as modest as a miller's girl should be—and as fine mannered and accomplished as any lady i' the land!

(Enter Rodney L., with samples of grain.)

MERCY.

Yes—she's well edicated now!

DUNSTAN.

Thanks to Squire Rodney—'twas he got her the larnin'!

DOLLY.

And he'll be well paid for it too—when she's his wife!

DUNSTAN.

That'll soon be now, lass!

RODNEY.

(Advancing.) I'm not so sure of that!

DUNSTAN.

Ah, Maister Rodney—here at last! *(Shakes hands.)* And what's that ye're not so sure of?

RODNEY.

That Hazel Kirke will ever be my wife!

DUNSTAN.

Not be thy wife? What's coom to thee, man, to say so strange a word! Didn't ye save me from ruin—and the old mill from changing hands seven years ago, and didn't Hazel promise then to be your wife, an' didn't ye send her off to school to learn how to be the lady o' Rodney Hall?

RODNEY.

True, Dunstan, but she was only 14 then, and I in my forties—I forgot that when she came of age, I'd be fifty and growing old! There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, you know?

DUNSTAN.

What dost mean, man?

RODNEY.

Accidents may happen—and girls' hearts may change. Since you saved young Carringford from drowning, and brought him in here I've noticed a change in Hazel's manner to me—you don't see what I see!

DUNSTAN.

An' what dost see, sir?

RODNEY.

I see a fine, handsome, brave young man ill and helpless, I see a lovely young girl waiting upon him—nursing him back to life, I see two young hearts looking at each other through young eyes, talking to each other with young tongues, touching each other with young hands, and—well, I know what this must come to soon!

DUNSTAN.

Maister Rodney! *(Rises.)* Maister Rodney—there is a Holy Book that Hazel reads to us every day! Dost think that she can ever forget that that book commands us to keep our faith?

RODNEY.

When the heart speaks, Dunstan—all other voices are dumb!

DUNSTAN.

A promise be a promise! If my child were to break her word, I'd drive her out as I would a scorpion on my hearth! Everybody knows the metal I'm made of—What I say I'll do—I'll do, and I tell thee now, Aaron Rodney, that this day three months, Hazel Kirke shall be thy wife!

HAZEL.

(*Outside.*) Thanks, I've found them—I'll go myself!

RODNEY.

(*Rising.*) Hush—she's coming—not a word of my fears to her!

HAZEL.

(*Enters porch R.*) (*Goes to Dunstan.*) Here, father, are some letters I want you to post—you won't forget?

DUNSTAN.

Nothing that thee can ask, lass—not while thy face shines as bright wi' innocence as it do now! (*Passing her to Rod.*) There's Maister Rodney, child!

(*Enter Mercy and Dolly. Piccolo ready.*)

HAZEL.

(*Giving hand.*) Good morning, Mr. Rodney! (*Gives hand.*)

DUNSTAN.

Nay, lass—Don't mind us—give him a kiss, a good, hearty, honest girl's kiss!

HAZEL.

(*Laughing.*) That's something I never refused him yet! (*Rodney kisses her, she turns to Mercy.*) Now, mother, have you given father the list of things you want?

MERCY.

Not yet, lass—sit down and write it for him!

(*Hazel sits at table and writes.*)

DUNSTAN.

(*To Rod.*) Well, now—what girl could ha' given a franker kiss than that?

RODNEY.

Aye, 'twas frank enough—'twas frank enough! (*Goes up.*)

HAZEL.

(*Crossing to Duns.*) Here, father, is the list of things for you to get.

DUNSTON.

A' rect, girl—now wife, where's the stuff for me to tak to market?

(All begin to load him with things.)

DOLLY.

Here's the rags and the hose!

MERCY.

An' here's the homespun!

RODNEY.

(Rodney is at table, touches parcel.) And here are my samples of grain!

HAZEL.

And here are my letters—Don't forget the list!

DUNSTAN.

No, girl—I shan't forget anything! *(Going, stops, turns.)* Ah, I'm forgettin' to ask after Maister Carrington! How is he this mornin', lass?

HAZEL.

Better—I think!

DUNSTAN.

He's been here, more nor a month—he's a long time a-gettin' well!

HAZEL.

But think how horribly he was hurt?

(1st music ready.)

DUNSTAN.

Aye—but I've seen older bones sooner mended! It's time he were well and off to his work—this is no place for idle hands. Give him a hint, girl, an' here, gi' me a partin' kiss. *(Kisses her.)* God be wi' ye, child, an' keep ye always the blessin' that ye are! *(Music.) (Exits through gate L., followed by Rodney and Mercy.)*

HAZEL.

(Sitting R. of table.) Ah, thank Heaven he cannot see the wickedness of my wretched, wretched heart!

(Met plays pipe R.)

JOE.

(Outside.) Get out of this!

MET.

(Outside.) Hi—hold on—take that! *(Crash.)*

HAZEL.

(Starting.) What's that?

DOLLY.

Oh, another row, between Joe and Met!

HAZEL.

Joe is always abusing poor Met!

(Cries outside, Met rushes in.)

(Joe enters.)

MET.

(Hiding behind Hazel.) Save me, save me!

JOE.

(With stick.) Where is he, let me get at him!

HAZEL.

No, no—you shall not touch him!

JOE.

(In rage.) I will, and no woman shall stop me!

MET.

(Squaring off.) Come on, Joe—I'd rather fight than blow my pipe!

DOLLY.

(Laughing.) Ha, ha—the boy has found a bit of pluck at last!

HAZEL.

(Soothingly.) There, there, Joe—no more of this. Leave him to me and I'll punish him for you!

MET.

I'd rather be punished by you, missus, than petted by a' the rest!

HAZEL.

Well, then—come with me!

MET.

(Suspiciously.) Are ye goin' to Mr. Carrington?

HAZEL.

Why do you ask that?

MET.

Because if you are, I won't go—I hate him!

HAZEL.

Hate him—what for?

MET.

Because you love him so!

HAZEL.

(Severely.) How dare you say that?

MET.

Because it's true!

HAZEL.

(Severely, extending hand.) Met, come with me this instant!

MET.

Where?

HAZEL.

To pick some flowers!

MET.

Oh, then I'll go, mistress—then I'll go! (Takes her hand, she exits, at gate he turns and bobs at Joe, exits. Joe starts, and runs at him.)

DOLLY.

(Holding him back.) Come, come Joe—I want you to help me bring my things out here—it's cooler working here than inside!

JOE.

(Going with her.) All right, show me the things you want!
*(Exeunt into house.)**(Enter Barney, followed by Dan.)*

DAN.

This be the mill ye're askin' after! *(Exit L.)*

BARNEY.

So there's the mill dam, where my master was drowned about six weeks since?

DOLLY.

(Appears at door with Joe, carrying table.) Take care now, Joe—don't spill the potatoes!

BARNEY.

(Stepping aside.) Some one coming, I'll step aside and reconnoitre the situation!*(They place table up L.)*

DOLLY.

There now—that's all I want of ye—go and look after Met!

JOE.

(Going.) I'd rather look after the fiend himself! (Exit L.)

BARNEY.

(Advances from R.) H-m-m!

DOLLY.

(Up C., turns.) Who's this?

BARNEY.

Only myself, miss!

DOLLY.

And who are you?

BARNEY.

Barney O'Flynn—the lackey of my lord!

DOLLY.

Who's your lord?

BARNEY.

Wan of your lodgers, I belave!

DOLLY.

A lord lodging here—ye're wrong, man, this is no place for lords!

BARNEY.

True enough, darlin'—but still my lord is here!

DOLLY.

Will ye give me the lie in my own house—get out of this, you unmannerly brute! (Raises broom.)

BARNEY.

Hould, now—hould! Sure, here's his direcshun in me own hand, this minute! (Produces letter.) Lord Travers, at Dunstan Kirke's mill—Blackburn—Lancashire! Isn't this Lancashire?

DOLLY.

Yes!

BARNEY.

An' isn't this Blackburn?

DOLLY.

Yes!

BARNEY.

An' isn't this the mill of Dunstan Kirke?

DOLLY.

Yes!

BARNEY.

Very well, thin—Lord Travers is here—just as sure as I'm Barney O'Flynn—an' there's the proof av it—a letter calling Master Arthur home to onst!

DOLLY.

Arthur—Arthur Carringford?

BARNEY.

Yes—he's Lord Travers—and I've come to take him back in a howl of a hurry, too—where is he?

DOLLY.

There—in the house!

BARNEY.

Oh, he is—is he—an' you were going to drive me out of this? (*Imitating.*) Will ye give the lie in my own house! Never mind, darlin'—I forgive yo—I forgive—

DOLLY.

(*Striking him with broom.*) Get out of this, ye fool!

(*Barney rushes off through porch.*)

Mr. Carringford a lord—and in love with Hazel, too—aye, he is—I know he is—I can see it in his face every time he looks at her. Ah, if poor Hazel were only free, she might be Lady Travers, rich and grand! He's won her heart already—yes, and except for Mr. Rodney, he'd have her hand as well! (*Goes up to table, begins to clean carrots.*) Ah, if I were Hazel, I know what I'd do, I'd marry the man I loved in spite of all the world!

(*Green sings outside R.*)

Ah, who's that fine young swell coming this way?

(*Green enters, humming, sees her, stops, strikes attitude, finishes strain with "My face is my fortune," etc.*)
(*Amazed.*) What sort of a creature is this?

GREEN.

You're the sweetest picture of surprise.

That ever yet has blessed my eyes!

'Tis true, and by my soul I swear it! (*Pointing to wall.*)
Will you permit me?

DOLLY.

Permit what?

GREEN.

To change the situation—thus! (*Leaps over.*) Ha, ha!

DOLLY.

What are you, sir?

GREEN.

A hunter of heroes!

DOLLY.

What brings you here?

GREEN.

A tyrant called—curiosity!

DOLLY.

La, the man is mad!

GREEN.

No, I grieve to say I'm not—I wish I were—madmen are monsters—everything monstrous is fascinating—but I, alas—I'm not fascinating—and I?

DOLLY.

La, man—I don't know what you are!

GREEN.

You may not believe it—but I once was born—a baby, too
At the early age of one day, I howled to see the world!

Luckily, my father made,
A handsome fortune in lemonade,
By the aid of which, I'm glad to say,
I am enabled now to day,
To see the world and have my way,
That way remark is this:

To go where I please, see what I please, say what I please,
and please where I can—do you understand?

DOLLY.

Not a single word you say!

GREEN.

That's just what I supposed, I will be plain, in fact—of course, in feature 'twould be utterly impossible—Hm! I was born—is that clear?

DOLLY.

Of course!

GREEN.

And born queer?

DOLLY.

That's clearer still!

GREEN.

That queerness born in me,
Now brings me here to thee—
For let me tell you here,
That this is how I'm queer!

A monster or a hero I adore—ordinary mortals I detest,
they're too much like Pittacus Green!

DOLLY.

And who is Pittacus Green?

GREEN.

The humble and devoted slave now gazing in your eyes!
(*Seeing carrot in her hand.*) Will you permit me? To relieve
you of the humble vegetable that cumbers these fair hands? Ah,
yes—thank you! (*Puts it on table L.*)

DOLLY.

And so you are Pittacus Green?

GREEN.

That is my distinguished name—Pit-ta-cus Green—or, as I
am called for short, Pitty Green—which is maddening! Now,
if it were Pitty Black, or Blue, or Brown—but Pitty Green—
besides it's so hanged appropriate—of course, everybody pities
Green! You may not believe it—but they say I'm cracked!

DOLLY.

(*Recoils, crosses L.*) Mercy, me!

GREEN.

Oh, don't fear—it's lovely to be cracked!

DOLLY.

Lovely to be cracked?

GREEN.

Of course—convince men that you are cracked, and they
will let you do the oddest things—they'll smile instead of frown!
Now, a smile from lips like yours, I'd play any game to get—
do you understand me now?

DOLLY.

(*Laughing.*) I'd be a donkey if I didn't! I understand,
and like you, too, and so, frankly—there's Dolly Dutton's hand
to prove it!

GREEN.

Dolly Dutton—your name is Dolly Dutton—delightful Dolly
Dutton—D. D. D. You may not believe it—but you're an angel
—in-d'deed— Will you permit me? (*Pointing to her hand.*)

DOLLY.

Anything that's honest!

GREEN.

(Attempts to kiss her hand; she snatches it away; he kisses his own hand.) Ah, I see—consider me a beggar at your feet!

DOLLY.

Now, tell me truly—what is it that brings you here?

GREEN.

As I said before—a monster or a hero I adore!

DOLLY.

And do you expect to find a monster here?

GREEN.

Yes—one in particular—Dunstan Kirke. A monster of goodness—who, during the last ten years, has saved from death by drowning—at least forty souls, with their bodies attached to 'em!

DOLLY.

An' so you're here to see my surly old uncle—who saves other folks, perhaps, but he destroys his own daughter!

GREEN.

Superb—a charming old creature—tell me all about him!
(Sits L. of L. table.)

DOLLY.

(Crossing to table.) You've heard of the many he's saved—have you heard of the one he's sold?

GREEN.

Someone sold—delightful—who was it?

DOLLY.

The pride of this family, sir—my cousin—Hazel Kirke—She's the one that's sold!

GREEN.

Indeed—poor thing, I sympathize—you may not believe it—but—don't tell—I've been sold myself—who sold her?

DOLLY.

Her own fayther—Dunstan Kirke—your hero!

GREEN.

Good gracious—why did he do it?

DOLLY.

Because he loves this old mill more than anything else!

Seven years ago, the bank that held my uncle's savings broke, and the old man was about to lose the mill, when Aaron Rodney loaned him the money without interest or security!

GREEN.

The foolhardy old Jew—what was his little game?

DOLLY.

When the mill was safe, Dunstan Kirke asked the Squire what he could do to prove his thankfulness!

GREEN.

Oh, oh—I smell a rat!

DOLLY.

“Kirke,” said the Squire, “you have a daughter whom I like—give me leave to send her off to school, have her taught, and then become my wife!”

GREEN.

That's the rat I smelt, and so she, a thoughtless girl, makes a rash promise to an old scoundrel, that is sure to play the d—hm with them both!

DOLLY.

Why, how did you know that?

GREEN.

Quite simply, I guessed it!

DOLLY.

Well, then, you're not such a fool as you look!

GREEN.

Bless you for those kind words! Proceed—what became of your cousin?

DOLLY.

Seven years ago, she was sent to school—six months since, she returned!

GREEN.

Awfully fond of old Rod, of course?

DOLLY.

She's proud and silent, sir—but I, who love her, read her heart, and I know that Aaron Rodney is not the man she loves!

GREEN.

The situation inspires me! What would you say if I were to clear your cousin Hazel of the bargain?

DOLLY.

(*Rises; crosses to R.*) I'd say you were the best man that ever crossed the threshold of Blackburn mill!

GREEN.

(*Crosses to R.*) What would you give to have it done?

DOLLY.

Anything I've got!

GREEN.

Even your heart?

DOLLY.

La, man—I haven't got any!

GREEN.

Well, then, would you give that fashionable substitute—your hand?

DOLLY.

Yes, if you'd care to take it! (*Sticking out dirty hand.*)

GREEN.

(*Taking it.*) Hm—It's a little mouldy—misty, I mean—but it looks honest! Yes, this is romance and I am the—Roman! (*Seizing hand.*) I'll be your best man; I'll outwit old Rod or die!

DOLLY.

My goodness, man—how?

GREEN.

You may not believe it—but I once had a mother—she could never wind a yarn without making a snarl, and I could never undo the snarl without telling a yarn!

DOLLY.

What of that?

GREEN.

I have great faith in the power of a yarn to undo a snarl—now, there's a snarl in this family—give me leave to tell yarns enough, and I'll guarantee to undo the snarl! Why, bless me—it's perfectly delightful; I'm tempted to play a new role—turn dramatist in real life! We've only to manage a little to make the play what we please! There's Dunstan Kirke—the stern father; old Rodney—the heavy villain; Hazel Kirks, the pretty victim; the scheming cousin—that's you—the good-natured busy-body—that's me; and——

DOLLY.

Well, and why do you stop?

GREEN.

Confound it. Here's a heroine chained to a rock, about to be devoured by a dragoon—dragon, I mean; wanted Perseus, the hero! As Byron says, I want a hero; an uncommon one, whom every month gives forth a new one—Don Juan—I have it—we'll advertise!

(Arthur whistles outside.)

Hello—who's this—what's that?

DOLLY.

Only one of my uncle's patients!

GREEN.

Who is he?

(Enters Arthur in porch.)

DOLLY.

Here he comes—find out for yourself!

GREEN.

(Sees him.) Behold, the conquering hero comes! *(Goes R.)*

ARTHUR.

(Enters from porch; goes up C.; looks over fence, etc.)
I say, Miss Dolly—have you seen my dog?

DOLLY.

I have not—perhaps he's with Hazel; she went off with Met a while ago—shall I find him for you?

ARTHUR.

You're very kind—if it isn't too much trouble. I should be glad of a little of Miss Hazel's company if she's at leisure! You know I must so soon leave this dear old place! *(Sits at table.)*

DOLLY.

I'll try and find her, sir! *(Exit L. C.)*

GREEN.

(Looks at Arthur; starts.) Ye gods of war!

ARTHUR.

(Noticing him for first time.) Hm—what idiot is this?

GREEN.

It is—it is—by the bolts of Jove, it is; *(Rises.)*

ARTHUR.

(Coolly.) Indeed—is it—what is?

GREEN.

By heaven, you may not believe it, but I'll swear I'm a cow, or this is Lord Travers!

ARTHUR.

(*Rising angrily.*) Who is Lord Travers?

GREEN.

You is—am—are; look at me sharp; don't you remember P. G.; have you forgotten our tiger-hunt in India? Ah, there was a monster worth meeting; he met you and treed you, too; can't you recall your old comrade of the jungle—Pittacus, the mouse, that freed you, the lion? Why it was the proudest shot of my life?

ARTHUR.

(*Extending hand.*) On my life—is it possible—you here?

GREEN.

Of course I am! (*Wringing his hand.*) And bless my condemned little soul, how glad I am to see you!

ARTHUR.

Hold on—stop—do you know what you are doing?

GREEN.

What am I doing?

ARTHUR.

The arm you are torturing is only half mended! (*Goes L. of table.*)

GREEN.

Gracious—what do you mean?

ARTHUR.

That this is a broken arm, but slightly convalescent!

GREEN.

(*Seizing carrot from table.*) Travers—I'm a brute—Take that, and crack my skull! (*Offers carrot.*)

ARTHUR.

(*Sitting.*) Thanks, dear boy—it's cracked enough already!

GREEN.

Yes—precisely, I see, your vengeance is complete! (*Sits R.*)

ARTHUR.

Now, tell me how you found me out?

GREEN.

Oh, quite naturally—by accident, the usual way—how did you get here?

ARTHUR.

Came to Lancashire to escape the tiresome nonsense of town-life; went shooting with my dog; attempted to cross the stream by a tree that lay over it, just above the dam——

GREEN.

The what?

ARTHUR.

The dam!

GREEN.

Oh—damn!

ARTHUR.

Slipped, like a fool—fell, broke my arm in falling, and sank unconscious into the water!

GREEN.

(Breaking carrot in two.) Merciful Powers!

ARTHUR.

My dog sprang in and held me above the surface; Kirke, the miller, caught sight of us; jumped in; pulled me out and lodged me here, where I've had the best of care for the last six weeks!

GREEN.

(Holds up each half of the carrot or cucumber, to represent the sold and the saved; exchanges them once, and at end of speech, places small half on top of the other and holds it upright.) Great fortune, I see it all—it's the manifest destiny! Why, think of it—the saved and the sold, side by side, beneath the same roof! My dear boy, you may not believe it, but I vow there's more than accident in this arrangement!

ARTHUR.

Undoubtedly! But your exclamations are slightly obscure!

GREEN.

Look here, old man—let's get to business—time flies! I helped you once when you were in a cucumber—no, no—I mean a pickle; (or, "in a carrot—no, no—I mean a stew") and now you must help me!

ARTHUR.

With pleasure—how can I do it?

GREEN.

By falling desperately in love!

ARTHUR.

(*Laughing.*) Falling in love—why, that's your business! You know you were always falling in love!

GREEN.

Of course—why not? Come, live with me and be my love; I love to live, and I live to love! Ah, Travers—I've met my fate at last!

ARTHUR.

Nonsense—you are always meeting your fate—who is it this time?

GREEN.

Dolly Dutton—the miller's niece!

ARTHUR.

You'll find her rather a liely fate, I fancy!

GREEN.

Precisely—that's the way I like 'em—she's a perfect monster!

ARTHUR.

A monster?

GREEN.

Yes, a monster of beauty and goodness—but come, I say again, will you do me a favor and fall in love?

ARTHUR.

With you?

GREEN.

With me—nonsense—with a friend of mine—will you do it?

ARTHUR.

Certainly—I find there's nothing easier than to fall—with whom must I fall in love?

GREEN.

An angel in a fix—Hazel Kirke—the miller's daughter!

ARTHUR.

(*Sternly.*) Stop, sir—I shall not tolerate nonsense that touches her good name—understand this at once!

GREEN.

Capital—I'm more than satisfied—I'm ecstatic! You in love with her already!

ARTHUR.

(*Rising angrily.*) Sir!

(Hazel sings outside L.)

(Starts; goes to gateway; looks out; at end of song, crosses to Green.) Green, Miss Kirke is coming, I'm known here simply as Arthur Carringford—you must not betray my title, it would only raise a barrier between me and the golden hearts to whom I owe so much!

GREEN.

(Shaking his hand.) Travers, you may not believe it, but I honor your sentiments, and will respect your wish!

DOLLY.

(Appearing in gate.) Here she is, Maister Carringford!

(Enter Hazel, with basket of flowers, followed by Met.)

HAZEL.

(At gate; to Met.) Now, Met, go to Mother Woodbury's cottage and cut some wood for the poor thing, and stop there till I come; I shall be there to help her with the children this afternoon!

MET

All right, missus; I'll go, but mind, it's for you, not the old woman! *(Exit L.)*

HAZEL.

Good morning, Mr. Carringford!

ARTHUR.

Good morning, Miss Hazel; I'm glad to have a glimpse of you at last.

MET.

(Appearing in gate.) Hi—missus—I say—may I go by the big woods?

HAZEL.

No, Met—take the straight path, and follow your nose!

(Met exits, holding his nose.)

GREEN.

I'm afraid you've given him a terrible task; if he follows his nose, he'll have a long journey before he gets to the end of it. Still, a brute with a long nose, generally has scents about him! He, he, ha—that's a joke! *(Hazel notices him with surprise.)* Travers, don't you see? Not the joke—but what an idiot I'm making of myself—why don't you present me?

ARTHUR.

Miss Kirke—permit me to present a very dear old friend—Mr. Pittacus Green!

HAZEL.

He's doubly welcome as your friend—and for his own frank face! (*Extends hand.*)

GREEN.

(*Clasping hand.*) Ah—oh—Miss Kirke, I'm a very old-fashioned young fool—will you permit me? (*Kisses her hand.*) I am your slave! (*Down C. Aside.*) Pittacus, there's no use—you're an assassin from this hour—the one dear purpose of your life is to bury Rodney without delay! (*Turns.*)

HAZEL.

Let me share my treasures! (*Places flower in Green's coat.*) There—what do you say to that?

(*Rodney enters; stands near gateway.*)

GREEN.

Nothing—I'm dumb with delight! (*Aside.*) Decidedly—old Rodney is a (*Turns; sees him.*) d-o-o-m-ed man! (*Sidles up C.*)

HAZEL.

(*To Arthur; embarrassed.*) Will you accept a flower?

ARTHUR.

(*Taking it.*) Thanks! (*Goes up C.*)

RODNEY.

Hazel, now that you have quite served the rest—can't you think of me a little?

HAZEL.

(*Starting; with composure.*) I did not see you, Mr. Rodney—you are welcome to what remains! (*Hands basket; goes up.*)

RODNEY.

(*Places basket on table.*) Emblems of my hopes; nothing but leaves—dead and withered leaves! (*Puts basket on table; exits through gate.*)

GREEN.

(*Up C.*) As Hamlet says, that's wormwood!

ARTHUR.

(*To Green.*) Let us go—we're in the way! (*To Hazel.*) Miss Hazel—if you'll permit me, I'll take my friend off to my room for a talk of old times!

HAZEL.

Sorry to lose you!

(*Arthur exits through porch.*)

GREEN.

My dear Miss Kirke—will you permit me? (*Kisses hand.*)
You may not believe it, but by the justice of Jove, we will meet again!

(*Hazel exits through gate.*)

(*Sings strain of "We shall meet again." Gets R.*)

DOLLY.

(*L.*) Stop—stop—stop!

GREEN.

(*Ending with trill.*) I must finish in the key, you know!

DOLLY.

You promised to free my cousin Hazel from her bargain with the Squire! When are you going to begin!

GREEN.

The very next time I meet old Rod! If there's a timid bone in his body, I'll make him come to terms! He'll die a bachelor, just as sure as—as you're the prettiest girl that ever blest my eyes!

DOLLY.

La, Mr. Green, you're over full of sweet words, I'm thinking!

GREEN.

(*Taking her by the hands.*) Dear me—if my words were only as sweet as your face, I'd put them on the market and bust up the sugar-trade!

DOLLY.

Hoitty, toitty, man! (*Going.*) Keep your promise, Maister Green, and I'll keep mine! (*Exits through porch.*)

GREEN.

(*Looking after her.*) Pittacus, you may not believe it, but the day that girl was born was the brightest in the year; Oh, love, oh, roses, nightingales, balconies, rope ladders and various things! At last, poor Pitty, you have a work to do; and what a work, to save two young and loving hearts from misery and a monster!

(*Enter Rodney, by gate.*)

Stars of hope—the monster! Why, you're the very man, I want to see you!

RODNEY.

Well, sir—being here, I'm easily seen!

GREEN.

(Getting R. of table.)

I'm Captain Green, of Her Majesty's marine.

But I'm not as verdant as my name may seem!

I know a wronged man when I see him—and I assure you, sir, that you are one!

RODNEY.

How am I wronged, sir?

GREEN.

Don't you remember what the poet says? She who steals my heart, steals trash, 'twas mine, 'tis hers, and has been slave to thousands, but she who robs me of my purse, takes that which much enriches her, and leaves me poor, indeed! Do you see the point?

RODNEY.

It's a little dull!

GREEN.

I'll sharpen it—A rich squire saves a father from ruin, and spends a little fortune in having the daughter taught enough to be a lady and his wife—that is the taking of the purse!

RODNEY.

Well?

GREEN.

Before the wedding's had and the purse is paid for, a good-for-nothing fellow tumbles into a ditch—is fished out by the father, nursed by the daughter, and—well, this is the stealing of the heart—do you understand?

RODNEY.

I think I do!

GREEN.

Do you see the danger?

RODNEY.

Not yet!

GREEN.

Why, it's as plain as your face—he—a—ha-ha! You see, women are perverse. You may not believe it—but the silly fools, prefer hearts to pennies; youth and beauty to age and ugliness! Do you see now?

RODNEY.

I should think I might. *(Rises: crosses R.)*

GREEN.

Squire, there's but one way; threaten to fight the fellow; challenge him and frighten him away—do you take?

RODNEY.

I do!

GREEN.

Spoken like a man—when shall the fight begin?

(Dolly enters: watches them from porch.)

RODNEY.

Without delay!

GREEN.

You're a hero, sir—a man of nerve! I'm proud to know you; count on me; count on me, sir, to fix things right! *(Offers hand.)*

(Rodney refuses it; lifts hat; exits L.)

Still, Squire, I'm proud to know you! Splendissimus, gloria et Victoria!

DOLLY.

(In disgust.) Oh, ho—you be mighty thick with Maister Rodney, now! *(Down R.)*

GREEN.

Of course—but my thickness is the thinnest thickness that ever was thicked—do you understand that?

DOLLY.

My heart—ye daze me dumb with your talk!

GREEN.

My dear, the snarl is settled; he's the easiest ass to manage I ever met! Before another day, he'll challenge Travers, and go in haste to Heaven, then, Miss Dolly, your cousin will be free, and you bound, yes, bound to keep your promise, don't forget—your heart, your hand, or both!

DOLLY.

You'll get my hand over your head if you don't mind!

GREEN.

Delightful—I'd like that; let me show you how! *(Takes her hand: lifts it over his head.)* There, over my head. So! *(Puts her arm around his neck; kisses her.)* And so—

DOLLY.

(Flinging him off.) How dare you, sir? *(Crosses R.)*

GREEN.

Oh, don't fear; the fun has only just begun; now, I've done my part—you must do yours!

(She makes to strike him.)

(Dodging.) Oh, no—not that!

MERCY.

(Outside.) All right, Mr. Rodney—I'll tell Dunstan what ye say.

GREEN.

Hark—whose mellifluous organ is that?

DOLLY.

That's Hazel's mother!

GREEN.

Dear me—did Hazel ever have a mother?

DOLLY.

Why, of course—she has her now!

GREEN.

That's kind of her—extraordinary things happen to some people! Well then, see that mother, and tell her you know that Rodney is not the man that Hazel loves!

DOLLY.

I'd never dare do that!

GREEN.

What, would you desert me now—upon the eve of my greatest success? No, courage—as you love your cousin, speak, and she'll be blest!

(Enter Mercy.)

Ah, here she comes; I'll leave her to the tender mercies of your tongue! *(Goes to table for hat.)* Madame, will you permit me? *(Takes hat and a leaf out of basket.)* I humbly take my leave. *(Goes R., twirling leaf.)* Madame, if all the world were right, you and I would never be in the wrong. This was some time a paradox—but now—'tis true! *(Rams hat on, and exits through porch.)*

MERCY.

Dolly—who be that?

DOLLY.

A man named Pitty Green!

MERCY.

Pitty Green—an odd name—an' he seems queer a bit—here!

DOLLY.

That's all right, aunt—so long as he is sound here! (*Points to heart.*)

MERCY.

That's true, child—that's true!

DOLLY.

(*Hesitating.*) Aunt Mercy.

MERCY.

(*Sits R. of table L.*) Well, Dolly?

DOLLY.

Did ye mark the look in Hazel's face this morning, when her father told her Mr. Carrington had been here long enough?

MERCY.

What sort o' a look, girl?

DOLLY.

A pale, frightened, suffering look! Aunt, she's in love with Mr. Carrington, as sure as I'm a woman!

MERCY.

(*Starting up.*) My heart, child—does thee really mean what thee says?

DOLLY.

Indeed I do!

(*Enter Hazel.*)

But hush—here she comes!

HAZEL.

(*Crossing to porch.*) Mother dear—be sure to let me know when father returns!

MERCY.

Where art goin', child?

HAZEL.

(*Stops.*) I'm going to have a drawing lesson from Mr. Carrington!

MERCY.

Thee can wait a bit! Dolly, thee'll find work in the house—thee can leave us!

(*Dolly exits R.*)

(*Sitting L.*) Come here and kneel at my feet, as thee did when a little one, and I taught thee to pray!

(*Hazel kneels at her feet.*)

My child—many i' this world may say they love thee—but none 'ull ever do it as I do! Thee may have loads of friends; and lovers, too, but thee can never have but one mother! Well, child—can't thee trust her?

HAZEL.

Trust her—have I ever distrusted her?

MERCY.

Aye—thee's distrusted her now! There's that in thy heart, she ought to know!

HAZEL.

(*Turning aside; embarrassed.*) Why, mother—what do you mean?

MERCY.

Thee knows what I mean! I've been foolish, child, and blind; I forgot the dangers o' youthful blood, and felt too sure o' thy promise to be Aaron Rodney's wife! But my eyes are open now; I've discovered thy secret, girl—and I must speak to thee!

HAZEL.

(*In anguish.*) No, no—spare me—spare me—it is too late—it is too late! (*Buries her face in Mercy's lap.*)

MERCY.

(*In horror.*) Too late—what dost mean, child! Speak; lift up thy head and look me i' the face!

(*Hazel does so.*)

(*Relieved; pause.*) Ah—it's a' reet—ye can look me i' the eye still, like an honest girl! (*Rising; going R.*) But oh, I see it all now! Maister Carringford be a bad man; a bad man!

HAZEL.

(*Indignantly.*) Mother!

MERCY.

(*Interrupting.*) There's no use, Hazel; I know all thee'd say for him! But thy father saved his life, and cherished him in his house, and this is his gratitude—to mak love to thee—the plighted wife o' another man!

HAZEL.

No, mother, you wrong him! He has never spoken a word of love to me in his life!

MERCY.

An' has thee been won, then, wi'out wooing?

HAZEL.

Oh, how can I tell! All that I know is that I did not realize how empty my life would be without him, till now the time has come for him to go. It seems as if the shadow of death were on my heart—it has grown so dull and heavy—so dull and heavy! (*Goes R., sits.*)

MERCY.

(*Crosses L.*) Does thee say he has never told thee that he loved thee?

HAZEL.

Never, and yet I know he does! When my back is turned I can feel his eyes upon me—I saw them once by accident in the glass; I knew all then, for I saw in them my own misery—my own love!

MERCY.

My poor child—but we must do the right if it kills us! There's but one remedy for this, the sharp and short one! He must leave this house at once! (*Going.*)

HAZEL.

(*Barring her passage.*) No, it is not for you to send him away! THAT IS MY DUTY. It will be less of insult to him—less of agony to me!

(*Second music ready.*)

MERCY.

Thee has not the strength to do it!

HAZEL.

I will find it! Send him here to me, and I promise you I will tell him we must part at once!

(*Music.*)

MERCY.

Aye—it's better so, perhaps; thee shall have thy way, child. (*At R.*) Courage, lass—be strong i' the battle to-day—and thou'lt be rich i' the triumph to-morrow! (*Kisses her; exit.*)

(*Stop music.*)

HAZEL.

What am I going to do? Drive away the happiness that Heaven sends me: insult the one man I honor most, and all for what—to keep the rash promise of a thoughtless girl, and so break two harmless loving hearts—oh, I must not think of that or I shall rebel! (*Goes L.; leans head on arms on table.*)

(*Enter Arthur R.*)

ARTHUR.

(Leaning over her.) Miss Hazel!*(She rises: goes R.)**(Checks himself: quietly.)* Pardon me—Miss Kirk—I have just learned that you wish to speak with me!

HAZEL.

Mr. Carrington—I have sent for you to say that which may sound strangely from me! You must leave this house at once!

ARTHUR.

(Coldly.) May I know why?*(Third music ready.)*

HAZEL.

No—not from my lips!

ARTHUR.

Do you wish me to go?

HAZEL.

(Vehemently.) Yes—yes—go quickly!*(Music.)*

ARTHUR.

(Pause: sadly.) Yes, you are right: I will go: I was going!*(Extending hand.)* Bid me farewell—God speed!*(She extends hand.)**(Takes it tenderly: kisses it: she falls in chair sobbing: he leans over her.)**(Enter Rodney.)*

Hazel, you must have mercy and let me speak!

HAZEL.

No, I beseech you leave me—in mercy leave me without a word!

(Music stops. Arthur turns to go.)

RODNEY.

(Advancing.) No, stay, Mr. Carrington—I know all!*(Arthur stares: Hazel frightened.)**(Calmly.)* I know that you love her—that she loves you! Nay, ye need not be afeer'd, lass: I'm not the man to rail at or curse ye—I shall only—*(Staggeres to chair L.)*

HAZEL.

(Supporting him.) Oh, Mr. Rodney!

RODNEY.

(Waving her off.) Nay, it's nothing lass—it's nothing! I'm a bit dazed—that's all! *(Buries face in hands.)*

HAZEL.

(*Kneeling at his feet.*) Oh, Mr. Rodney, you say you know all—oh, forgive us, for we were resolved to do our duty to you!

RODNEY.

Nay—nay now—no more o' that! There's misery enough i' this world—without an old thing like me a makin' more of it!

(*She lifts head: wipes eyes.*)

There, there, child—cheer up, and we'll see what's to be done!

HAZEL.

You do not hate me then?

RODNEY.

Hate ye? Aaron Rodney will never live to see the day he can hate ye—no, lass, I love ye still—God help me—love ye too much to ask anything save your own happiness!

HAZEL.

I cannot help the past, but I can be brave for the future: I can do my duty—keep my promise—

RODNEY.

And be my wife. No, lass, no—I would not ask it of ye! But this is a bad affair—a bad affair! I did not know how far things had gone, or I would not have done what I have done!

ARTHUR.

What have you done?

RODNEY.

I have written to your mother, Mr. Carrington, begging her to call you away from here—I know the pride o' your race, sir. Your mother will never consent to your marriage with Hazel, and I warn ye—if ye seek to dishonor her, there is no living power will prevent me from murdering ye!

ARTHUR.

I should deserve worse than murder, if I could be false to her!

RODNEY.

(*Taking his hand.*) I believe ye, lad—I believe ye—and I'll not stand in your way!

HAZEL.

Oh, Mr. Rodney—my noble friend!

RODNEY.

Aye, lass—only thy friend—but staunch till death! Give

me your hand, lass! (*Hazel lays her hand in his: he extends his own to Arthur: then joins their hands.*) There, man, is her hand, as far as I can give it to ye—and may Heaven be wi' ye—for her sake! (*They embrace.*)

DUNSTAN.

(*Outside.*) No matter yet—let the horses stand till I've taken in these things!

(*Fourth music ready.*)

RODNEY.

Your father's voice! Not a word to him of what has passed between us! I must speak with him myself first—but I cannot do it now! I've not got the strength to meet him yet! (*Music.*) I must get out of this—I must have air! I'll go this way! (*Goes door R., turns: extends arms. Hazel goes to him. He kisses her on the forehead.*) Good-bye, child—I'll do what I can to soften him—and so God bless ye—God bless ye, my darling! (*Exits.*)

(*Stop music.*)

ARTHUR.

This is the bitterest—(*taking her in his arms*)—and sweetest moment of my life!

(*Dunstan enters with bundles. They separate.*)

DUNSTAN.

Ah, lass, here ye are—an' here's thy bundles! I got the things, but left the rest for Father Kennedy to bring!

HAZEL.

Thanks, father, but how quickly you've returned!

DUNSTAN.

Aye, there was a letter at post so I hurried home! They said it was for me! Here, lass, read it for me! (*Hands her letter.*)

(*She opens it: starts.*)

Well, lass, and what says the letter?

(*She grows faint: he helps her to chair L.*)

My heart, child—what be the matter? There, sit down—sit down. What's the trouble—is it bad news? Out with it—who's it from?

HAZEL.

It is signed Emily Carringford! (*Arthur starts.*)

DUNSTAN.

(*Looking at Arthur R.*) What has she got to say to me? Read it, girl. What does she say?

HAZEL.

(Aside.) There is no use—I shall be forced to read it
(*Reads.*) “Dunstan Kirk, Esq.—Dear Sir:—I have been greatly startled by learning of my son’s presence in your house, and deeply pained by hearing of his conduct with your child—”

DUNSTAN.

What’s that? Eh—what’s that?

HAZEL.

“I have besought him to return to me instantly—if he refuses I call on you to add the force of your commands to my prayers.”

DUNSTAN.

Aye—aye—it be growing clearer—go on, girl—go on!

HAZEL.

“I cannot describe my indignation—at the thought of my son’s love for—” (*breaks down.*)

DUNSTAN.

(*Sternly.*) Stop there, girl, stop there! (*To Arthur.*) Mr. Carrington, I’ve got but one child in the whole world—I love her better than my life. Well, sir, I’d rather bury her with my own hands, than have her faithless to her word. You know she’s the plighted wife o’ Aaron Rodney! Well then, are ye a serpent, I’ve cherished in my breast to bite me and mine? Have ye dared to think of making love to Hazel Kirke?

ARTHUR.

Fate threw me helpless at her feet—her hands have nursed me back to life—well, sir—I confess what I could not help—I learned to love her!

DUNSTAN.

(*Crossing L.*) Hazel, thee hears him and thou knows the duty of an honest lass—go bid him begone at once!

HAZEL.

(*Goes to Arthur, who goes C.*) No, father, that I cannot do!

DUNSTAN.

What’s that thou says? (*Astounded.*)

HAZEL.

If he must go—I should go—for I, too, am guilty!

DUNSTAN.

Great heavens—my child avow dishonor?

HAZEL.

Father, hear me?

DUNSTAN.

Hear thee now—never! (*Advancing.*) I could shake thy shameless heart out!

(*Hazel recoils in Arthur's arms.*)

(*Shielding her.*) Stand back, sir—stand back!

(*Music. Enter Dolly and Mercy from house. Dan and miller boys behind wall and in gateway.*)

DUNSTAN.

What—in that man's arms before my very face. Out upon thee, thou foul disgrace—hear thy father's curse!

MERCY.

(*In anguish.*) No, no—she is thy child—thine only child!

DUNSTAN.

Begone—thou misbegotten bairn—begone! I cast thee out adrift, adrift forever from thy feyther's love, and may my eyes no more behold thee!

HAZEL.

(*Extending her arms.*) Mother! Mother!

DUNSTAN.

(*Waving her back.*) Stand back! She's dead to thee forever!

(*Hazel recoils to Arthur's arms; he leans over her. Tableau. Stop music.*)

C U R T A I N .

ACT II.

(Interior of villa at Fairy Grove: gay music at rise. lights full up: bell on table L., and cigarettes and matches: water and glass on stand R.)

(Clara, a servant, discovered dusting room: Met, heard outside playing pipe.)

CLARA.

(Looking off.) There's that worthless boy blowing his pipe again, instead of minding the garden! Why did Mr. Caringford ever bring the ninny here?

(Enter Met, as gardener, with flowers.)

MET.

Hi—I say, Mistress Clara—where's the missus?

CLARA.

What do you want of her?

MET.

Here's some flowers I've been a picking for her—where is she, I say?

CLARA.

She's about here somewhere—crying, I suppose!

MET.

Cryin'? What do you mean?

CLARA.

I mean for the last three days—she seems to be awfully put out about something!

MET.

My heart, girl—what be the matter wi' her?

CLARA.

She's so lonely, I suppose! She goes nowhere; see nobody, and for a week her husband has been absent! I never knew him stay away from her so long before—I'm afraid there's something wrong—what can it be?

MET.

How should I know?

CLARA.

You knew the missus before she came here—didn't you?

MET.

What makes you think that?

CLARA.

Because she brought you here!

MET.

No, she didn't bring me here—I followed her—and I'd follow her to the end of the earth if she'd let me!

CLARA.

That was just one year ago—where did she come from?

MET.

That's her business!

CLARA.

Who was she before Lord Travers married her?

MET.

A lady—every inch of her—and too good for him!

CLARA.

Why too good for him?

MET.

Look ye here, girl—why is it that he brings no one here to see her—why is it his mother and none of his family, don't never come here at all?

CLARA.

I don't know!

MET.

Of course not—ye don't know nothin'; (*Going R.: looking out.*) La, there she be on the shore of the park lake—I'll take her the flowers!

CLARA.

Hold on Met—tell me first—

MET.

I'll tell you nothin'—and that's more than you deserve!
(*Exit.*)

CLARA.

There's a secret somewhere about this house—I can smell it in the air—and that boy knows what it is—but he's as close as the grave—and as devoted to my lady as a miser to his gold! (*Stops suddenly at window; looks out L.*) Well, I declare, what sort of a man is this coming up the path? How he mutters and shakes his head—as though he were crazy—what can

he want here? I must call Barney to get rid of him. (*Going.*)
(*Enter Rodney L.*)

RODNEY.
Young woman—one moment.

CLARA.
(*Turning.*) Well, sir—what is it?

RODNEY.
Is this place called Fairy Grove?

CLARA.
Yes, sir—this is Fairy Grove!

RODNEY.
(*Looking around: shaking head.*) So this is where he has hidden her?

CLARA.
There he goes—muttering and shaking his head!

RODNEY.
She's here surrounded by luxury—and little dreaming of her shame! (*Excited.*) I've found you at last, Arthur Carrington—

CLARA.
Good man—what do you want here?

RODNEY.
Is your mistress in?

CLARA.
You mean Mrs. Carrington?

RODNEY.
(*Intensely.*) Is she called that here?

CLARA.
Is who called what, sir?

RODNEY.
Your mistress—is she in?

CLARA.
Certainly—do you want to see her?

RODNEY.
(*Frightened.*) No, no—not for the world—it would sadden her to see me! What am I saying—what am I saying?

CLARA.
(*Aside.*) I must get Barney here at once!

RODNEY.

Stop, don't go—till ye tell me. Does he treat her well—is she happy?

CLARA.

What do you mean, sir?

RODNEY.

I mean that if he made her unhappy—I'd tear his heart out!

CLARA.

(*Terrified; calling R.*) Barney—Barney!

RODNEY.

Hush—if you make a noise she'll come—don't fear—I mean no harm; I'll go now; I only wanted to be sure I'd found the place; I'll come back again with salvation in my hand—for her—my darling—my poor, innocent lamb! What's your name?

CLARA.

Clara, sir!

RODNEY.

A good name, and you have a kind face; I'll trust you with a message—tell Hazel—I mean your mistress—not to grieve! Heaven has her in its blessed keeping! I'm near at hand to guard her life; to enforce her rights—tell her this from me!

CLARA.

Who are you, sir?

RODNEY.

I'm—(*Checks himself.*) a friend—that's all—a friend! She must not know my name—you won't tell her that will you?

CLARA.

I don't know it, sir!

RODNEY.

True—that's good—take this! (*Handing money.*)

CLARA.

What is it?

RODNEY.

Gold—gold!

CLARA.

I—I—don't want it, sir!

RODNEY.

Yes, take it—to pay for services I want of you! (*Taking*

her hand.) Watch him—see how he treats her—and tell me when we meet again! Now, to go back to this man's mother! (*Going L.*) Remember, when we meet again! (*Exit L.*)

CLARA.

(*Looking after him.*) Meet again—deliver me from that—the man's as crazy as a loon! (*Looks at money.*)
(*Enter Barney, R.*)

BARNEY.

Is that you, darlin'? What's that ye'r lookin' at?

CLARA.

Gold, I believe—I can hardly believe its real, though!

BARNEY.

(*Snatching; examining money.*) Faith—that's the genuine article—sure enough—like yourself—pure gold! Heaven bless ye, this is the sovereign of the world—but you—you're the sovereign of my heart!

CLARA.

Come, come, Barney—no nonsense, give me my money!

BARNEY.

And how do I know it's yours?

CLARA.

Didn't you snatch it out of my hand just now?

BARNEY.

Sure, that don't prove it's yours!

CLARA.

Come, come now—give me my money!

BARNEY.

Where did ye get it?

CLARA.

From a crazy creature who was here just now!

BARNEY.

Crazy—was he!

CLARA.

Yes!

BARNEY.

Of course, he was crazy—or he wouldn't have given you this—I'll find the fool and restore his fortune! (*Going.*)

CLARA.

Barney O'Flynn—will you give me that sovereign?

BARNEY.

How can I give what isn't my own, dear?

CLARA.

Do you mean to keep it yourself?

BARNEY.

Kape it—no indeed—I mean to exchange it!

CLARA.

(Bashfully.) What for, Barney?

BARNEY.

For the swatest thing a man could dreme of—wan of your kisses!

(She screams; exits rapidly down R., as Arthur enters L., with overcoat on arm; cigarette.)

ARTHUR.

Well, Barney!

BARNEY.

(Starting) Holy murther, master, ye frightened me—sure, sir—I'm glad you're back again!

ARTHUR.

(Flinging overcoat to Barney.) Where's my wife?

BARNEY.

Your wife, sir?

ARTHUR.

Certainly—my wife!

BARNEY.

(With a cough.) Oh, yes—sartinly—she's in the garden. I belave!

ARTHUR.

(Sitting at table.) Let her know that I've returned!

BARNEY.

All right, sir! *(Going; stops in porch.)* He's in one of his quare moods again—he's getting tired of this already; I knew he would; he'll end it soon—they always do! Ah, there's nothin' like a Scotch marriage on the wrong side of the line to save the trouble of a divorce and chate the lawyers! *(Exits R.)*

ARTHUR.

(Producing letter; reading.) "My dear Travers—your mother is in a very mysterious condition—to-day she arose from her bed, for the first time in six months, laboring under some great excitement, that is giving her temporary strength; she asks

the most searching questions about you—she gets more impatient every day for your union with Lady Maud!" (*Folding letter.*) Strange, very strange, I hoped for good news! Ah, will this never end—how long must I conceal our marriage. Shall I never be able to show the world the noble woman who is my wife? (*Reverie.*)

HAZEL.

(*Runs in; sees him; creeps up behind him; puts hands over his eyes.*) Ah, you are back at last, my darling?

ARTHUR.

(*Embracing her.*) Apparently!

HAZEL.

Oh, I' so glad—so glad—I've been nearly dead with loneliness!

ARTHUR.

Have you really missed me so much, then?

HAZEL.

More than you will ever know or care, I fear!

ARTHUR.

I love to have you miss me!

HAZEL.

Of course you do—you wouldn't love me if you didn't!

ARTHUR.

And you're not tired yet of these iron bonds of matrimony?

HAZEL.

I call them golden bonds!

ARTHUR.

And so they are, darling—may they always hold us—heart to heart!

HAZEL.

(*Saddening.*) Heigh-ho! (*Rises.*)

ARTHUR.

Heigh-ho! Well, well—what does this mean?

HAZEL.

Only a silly thought—I'm superstitious—too much happiness is dangerous—that's all!

ARTHUR.

(*Taking hands.*) Little woman, do you know I'm not blind—there's something troubles you—what is it?

HAZEL.

(*Imitating.*) Big man—do you know I'm not blind—there's something troubles you—what is it?

ARTHUR.

Come, come—dear—I'm in earnest!

HAZEL.

(*Sobered.*) And so am I, dear—for the last few weeks, whenever you have been at home, you've been so silent and moody! Oh, Arthur, can't you trust me with your sorrow as well as your joy? Come, tell me what troubles you?

ARTHUR.

Business—that's all—but you, Hazel, you have no such excuse for sadness!

HAZEL.

I sad? (*Laughing.*) Why, I'm the gayest creature in the world!

ARTHUR.

You try to be before me—but when you've supposed me absent—I've seen you in tears. Have I not done all that I could to make you happy?

HAZEL.

Oh, yes—indeed you have!

ARTHUR.

Then why have I failed?

HAZEL.

Failed—you have not failed—you have made me too happy! My happiness startles me sometimes; I so little deserve it; I confess, at moments I am haunted!

ARTHUR.

By what, dear?

HAZEL.

(*Going to couch R.*) I hardly know—a vague, uncertain dread! This last year has been so strange—the way we met; our secret marriage in Scotland——

ARTHUR.

But you know why our marriage had to be so secret?

HAZEL.

Yes, because your proud mother had set her heart upon another marriage for you——

ARTHUR.

(*Going up to her.*) Determined to make me the husband of Maud Wetherby, she has been very ill for years; to have acknowledged my marriage with you, would have surely been to kill her—so I was forced to have our marriage take place in the way that offered least risk of discovery by her!

HAZEL.

Oh, my darling, I do hate this hiding—it gives our marriage the color of a crime—how much longer must it last?

ARTHUR.

I have been hoping every day that my mother would have grown strong enough to bear the news, that you are my precious wife, but I am disappointed—she is no better—I even fear she's growing worse!

HAZEL.

(*Going L.*) Your mother deceived—my father broken hearted—Oh, it is horrible!

ARTHUR.

(*Angrily.*) What a fool I've been!

HAZEL.

(*In dismay.*) What do you mean?

ARTHUR.

(*Rising.*) I've been stupid enough to fancy that my love—my devotion might suffice to make you forget; to make you happy!

HAZEL.

So they do—I was wrong to confess these foolish fears to you—say you forgive me!

ARTHUR.

Forgive you—no, little woman, it is for you to forgive!

HAZEL.

Forgive what—dear?

ARTHUR.

Forgive me that I have not rendered you, the open honor that was due you as a wife!

HAZEL.

How strangely you say that—what can you mean?

ARTHUR.

Well, no matter now! (*Affecting gayety: crossing L. of table L.*) Away with gloomy thoughts—all's well that ends well—by Jove, where are my cigarettes?

HAZEL.

(*Gaily taking cigarette from table.*) I will light you a fresh one! (*He lights match; she draws on cigarette; takes a puff; hands it to him, with cough.*) There—take the horrid thing! (*Goes C.*)

ARTHUR.

(*Smoking; going to her; putting arm around her.*) Horrid thing! Why, I declare, it's the most delicious cigarette I ever smoked in my life! Thanks, little woman—may all our sorrows end like this—in smoke and a kiss! (*Kisses her.*)

(*Enter Green L.; sun umbrella over head; laden with sporting traps; coughs.*)

I declares, at last it's our dear old Green!

GREEN.

'Tis true, 'tis Pitty—and pity 'tis, 'tis true! You may not believe it, but these things are a bore!

HAZEL.

(*Laughing.*) Talk of matrimonial misery and handboxes—what are they to the awful doom of a bachelor devoted to sport?

GREEN.

Oh, I say—don't make sport of a man in mortal agony—be heroic, come to the rescue—take the curio! (*Handing Hazel umbrella.*) The idea, billing and cooing still—a year after marriage, too—it's an outrage on society!

ARTHUR.

(*Having unloaded him; down L.*) Now, tell us—to what do we owe your sudden advent here?

GREEN.

To the same old lady—rumor—the despot of my life!

HAZEL.

(*Laughing.*) And what monstrous thing has she reported here?

GREEN.

(*C.*) Monstrous bliss! The fame of your fishes; the taste of your game; the sound of your kisses is wafted on the breath of Rumor to the uttermost end of an envious world! So here I am with all my senses wild to see, hear, smell, taste and touch—I'll begin with touch—give me your fists, ye immortal pair of blissful curiosities. (*Taking them by the hand; then pointing to her hand.*) Will you permit me? (*She laughs; he kisses her hand.*) Won't you share your monstrosities with me?

HAZEL.

(*Laughs.*) All we can!

GREEN.

All but the kisses, I suppose? (*Sits on couch R.*)

ARTHUR.

I don't see how we can reserve much else! (*Goes up C.*)

HAZEL.

(*In chair L.*) But what are you going to give us for letting you into our paradise?

GREEN.

For you I have news—for this mortal a sermon!

ARTHUR.

Well, let it be a galloping sermon then—I'll go and order the horses at once! (*Strikes bell on table.*)

GREEN.

Capital!

HAZEL.

Sermon or ride?

GREEN.

Capital, my dear, referred to his going!

ARTHUR.

I'm off—beware—I've my eye upon you!

GREEN.

Keep your ear off—that's all we ask!

(*Enter Barney R.*)

ARTHUR.

(*Pointing to tackle.*) Pick up those things and follow me.
(*Exits L.*)

BARNEY.

(*Taking them.*) Bad luck to the game—they've got devil a chance now! (*Exits L.*)

HAZEL.

Now, for your news?

GREEN.

I'm just from Blackburn mill!

HAZEL.

And you have letters for me?

GREEN.

No, not yet—your father declares that the first who writes you, shall leave his house! (*Sits R.*)

HAZEL.

(*Sadly.*) Is he still so angry with me, then?

GREEN.

He's the pig-headedest old hard heart I ever knew—he won't let them breathe your name——

HAZEL.

(*Crossing.*) How did you learn this?

GREEN.

Dolly told me!

HAZEL.

(*Puzzled.*) Dolly—is that what you call her?

GREEN.

Oh, I forgot—you don't know—do you?

HAZEL.

Know what?

GREEN.

Why, about Dolly—she's done for——

HAZEL.

Done for?

GREEN.

Yes—going to make a fool of herself!

HAZEL.

How?

GREEN.

By becoming the better half of P. Green—pity— isn't it?

HAZEL.

(*Amazed.*) Do you mean to say you're going to marry my cousin?

GREEN.

Oh, no—she's going to marry me!

HAZEL.

Oh, I'm so glad!

GREEN.

You may not believe it—but, so am I—will you permit me?
(*Kisses hand.*)

HAZEL.

(*Sitting on lounge R.*) Now, sit right down here by me, and tell me all about it!

GREEN.

(*Sitting.*) Oh, it was all just like Dolly herself—short and sweet. After you left Lancashire, the doors of the old mill were sternly closed—especially against me! But, it didn't matter—you see; I suddenly became interested in damns—there was one near the mill; I used to visit it—the sight of anything damned was a relief to me; weeks passed, but the doors of the old mill remained closed; fever ensued; I got dam on the brain, and went about muttering damn all day! However, nothing could dam-pen the ardor of my disease—at last the crisis came; Dolly appeared and took pity! Yes, she relieved my delirium, and to ensure a cure, consented to become Ma-dam!

HAZEL.

(*Laughing.*) You dear, silly old thing—so you're going to become my cousin?

GREEN.

Bless me, so I am—I didn't think of that! Will you permit me? (*Kisses her hand.*)

(*Arthur enters L.*)

ARTHUR.

Haloo there, I say!

GREEN.

(*Coolly.*) So do I; I say and I do! Will you permit me? (*Kisses her hand.*) I say—cousinship is good!

ARTHUR.

(*To Hazel.*) What does the rascal mean?

HAZEL.

Something wonderful—he means——

GREEN.

Hush—quietly—his nerves are weak! Have you ordered the horses?

ARTHUR.

Yes, but——

GREEN.

Stop, but me no buts—Hazel, my dear—go and get ready to drive, and leave this reprobate to the tender mercies of your cousin Pit!

HAZEL.

(*Going R., laughing.*) Oh, very well—don't forget the sermon—text husbands, obey your wives! (*Exits.*)

ARTHUR.

Now, sir—please explain!

GREEN.

I explain—why, sir—I've traveled three hundred miles to make you explain!

ARTHUR.

Explain what?

GREEN.

(*Producing slip of newspaper.*) That, sir!

ARTHUR.

(*Reading.*) "Another important engagement in high life. announced;—that of lord Travers to Lady Wetherby!

GREEN.

That, sir, is from the Post—a very respectable and reliable authority!

ARTHUR.

(*Laughing.*) Evidently!

GREEN.

(*Solemnly.*) I don't see anything to laugh at!

ARTHUR.

Don't you—then look in the glass!

GREEN.

Come, come, sir—this is no joke—it is an infernally serious matter!

ARTHUR.

Clearly, a most solemn affair—almost as awful as the paragraph about you a few weeks since!

GREEN.

About me?

ARTHUR.

Something like this: "We understand that after long and painful consideration, the Hon. P. Green has decided to become—a bachelor." What do you think of that?

GREEN.

I think it is an infernally impudent lie!

ARTHUR.

That's what I think of this!

GREEN.

There's no resemblance in the two cases, sir—how can I become a bachelor, since I am one?

ARTHUR.

How can I marry, since I am married?

GREEN.

But, confound it, sir—you're not married!

ARTHUR.

If I'm not married—then you must be an old maid!

GREEN.

Eh? I don't see that! Do you dare to say, that in consequence of your villainy, my sex is to suffer? No, sir—it's your manhood, not mine, that's at stake!

ARTHUR.

Are you mad?

GREEN.

Yes, sir, I am; blind mad—who wouldn't be under the circumstances?

ARTHUR.

(*Irritated.*) Under what circumstances?

GREEN.

Why, sir, you commit a crime, and when I am about to implore you not to commit another—you impeach my sex, sir—impeach my sex!

ARTHUR.

By Jove, you are insane!

GREEN.

Insane—I wish I could say as much for you; insanity is the only excuse for such exasperating, outrageous, scoundrelly conduct as yours!

ARTHUR.

Good Heavens, Green—are you really serious?

GREEN.

Serious—I should think so—I'm as serious as an avalanche, an earthquake and a volcano—all in one!

ARTHUR.

What a frightful row about nothing! (*Reads book.*)

GREEN.

Nothing! Is it nothing to deceive an honest girl into be-

lieving she's a married woman, when she isn't; is it nothing to marry one woman and swear to love, honor and obey her, when you love, if you don't honor another? Is it nothing to betray where you're trusted most; is it nothing to be a cool, calculating villain, and look as innocent and serene as an angel?

ARTHUR.

My dear boy, of whom are you talking?

GREEN.

Now, that's wicked, Travers; that's pure malignant cruelty -- haven't I always been a loyal friend?

ARTHUR.

Decidedly!

GREEN.

Then, why couldn't you have trusted me?

ARTHUR.

I've never distrusted you!

GREEN.

Oh, yes, you have; you dealt with me in a beastly mean manner; you've made me an unconscious accomplice in a piece of business I despise!

ARTHUR.

There you go again; I vow its enough to irritate a saint: can't you tell me plainly—what in the world you mean?

GREEN.

What, do you mean to say—on your honor—you don't understand?

ARTHUR.

I mean to say that your gabble for the last half hour has been Pattagonian gibberish to me; (*Drops book on table emphatically.*)

GREEN.

Patty—gibby-gabby! Can it be possible?

ARTHUR.

Can what be possible?

GREEN.

Can it be possible that you don't realize your own situation?

ARTHUR.

What is my situation?

GREEN.

Travers—you're either the most accomplished hypocrite or the biggest fool that ever lived—take your choice!

ARTHUR.

Enough of this; come to the point—what do you mean?

GREEN.

That's precisely what I've traveled 300 miles to know—what do you mean?

ARTHUR.

(*Disgusted.*) If this is one of your jokes—it's in very bad taste. (*Going.*) I'll leave you to find the fun of it for yourself!

GREEN.

(*Astounded.*) A joke; the idea—it's no use; that floors me! (*Running after him.*) Here, Travers; come back; there must be a mistake; I give in; you've turned the tables on me; I'll explain myself!

ARTHUR.

(*D. F. L.*) Well, begin!

GREEN.

(*Hesitating.*) Confound it—

ARTHUR.

What's the matter now?

GREEN.

I don't know how to begin; it's such an awful business. You see, I've been sneaking about the old mill lately; and a rumor reached me there, that just covered me with goose-flesh!

ARTHUR.

Who ever suspected you of any other covering?

GREEN.

Yes, I see; my name is—oh, hang my name; let's get to the report! It seems Squire Rodney has been looking into your affairs, and—by Jove, he swears you've deceived Hazel Kirke!

ARTHUR.

Indeed—and how?

GREEN.

He said that your marriage to her was a pretense; a farce; a lie!

ARTHUR.

And you believed him?

GREEN.

How could I help it? He declares he has positive proof that you went towards Scotland, with the pretense of marrying Hazel by Scottish law, but that you cunningly stopped on the border and went through the flimsy Scotch ceremony upon English ground!

ARTHUR.

It is an infamous slander!

GREEN.

Can you prove that?

ARTHUR.

I'll soon convince you! (*Strikes bell.*)

GREEN.

How?

ARTHUR.

By the testimony of a witness to my marriage—Barney!

GREEN.

Gracious—he's the very one that Rodney named as your accomplice!

ARTHUR.

Absurd!

(*Enter Barney R.*)

Barney—I want—

GREEN.

Hold on— (*Aside.*) I'll question him; we want to get at the truth, you know—and these chaps easily slip into a lie!

ARTHUR.

I don't understand!

GREEN.

You will in a moment—Barney—your master called you because the time has come for us to settle certain matters, and we wish to be sure that everything is all right, you know!

BARNEY.

Faith, sir—I'm at your service!

GREEN.

Well, then, my good Barney; tell us frankly; are you quite sure that the place where Lord Travers went through the ceremony of marriage with Miss Kirke—was not in Scotland?

ARTHUR.

(Starting.) I protest—

GREEN.

As you're an honest man, keep quiet—answer my question Barney.

BARNEY.

I will, sir—when my master bids me!

ARTHUR.

(Aside.) What a strange thing for him to say!

GREEN.

Shall he answer my question?

ARTHUR.

Certainly—Barney, speak freely!

BARNEY.

(To Green.) Well, then, sir—your question be a quare one!

GREEN.

Ah—in what respect?

BARNEY.

Do ye think I'd betray my master, sir?

GREEN.

No—of course not!

BARNEY.

I've been in sarvice of the gentry, sir, for twenty years—does ye tak me for a fool?

GREEN.

No—I never judge a man by his looks!

BARNEY.

Looks—I know how to look after my master's interests, sir—and that's look enough for me—so, of course, I tuk good care to have such a marriage as he wanted, come off in the wrong place!

(Arthur starts.)

GREEN.

(Looking at Arthur.) What place was that?

BARNEY.

Faith, the wrong place for a Scotch marriage is the English side of the Scottish line!

ARTHUR.

(Crossing to him; in frenzy.) Do you mean to say that

the inn you took us to, was on the border—but not in Scotland?

BARNEY.

(*Astonished.*) Of course I do, sir!

ARTHUR.

(*Frenzied.*) You miserable, dastardly villain—I could brain you! (*Grasps him by the throat.*)

BARNEY.

Sure, sir—I only followed your own orders!

ARTHUR.

(*Amazed.*) Followed my orders?

BARNEY.

To the letther, sir—didn't ye come to me all of a suddint one night, at the old tavern in Blackbourn—an' didn't ye say, "Barney—I want to get married to onst, secretly, in Scotland"?

ARTHUR.

I did, you rascal!

BARNEY.

Didn't you tell me to take ye to the borders?

ARTHUR.

Well?

BARNEY.

Well, sir—an' so I did; to the borders of matrimony, as I thought ye intended!

ARTHUR.

(*Shaking him.*) Idiot, scoundrel, wretch!

(*Green interferes; frees Barney; they have crossed to L.*)

(*In agony, up C.*) Hazel, dishonored, outraged—oh, it is horrible; horrible! (*Rushes at Barney.*)

GREEN.

(*Interposing.*) Come, come, Travers; there's no use wastin' time in misery now—there's something better to be done!

ARTHUR.

Yes, you are right; we will go, find a curate, and I will marry her at once! (*To Barney.*) Imbecile; I'm going to take measures, partially, to amend the outrage you have committed; let us have no more mistakes—tell my wi— (*Pause; with ardor.*) Yes, before Heaven and my own heart—she is my wife! Tell my wife, that I have been called away, but will return soon—and understand; not one word of this to anyone!

BARNEY.

All right, your honor!

ARTHUR.

(*To Green; going.*) Come, let us hurry; every instant is torture till Hazel is my wife! (*Exeunt.*)

(*First music ready.*)

BARNEY.

Faith, thin; I can't make this out for the life of me! He's lost his head, as well as his heart, entirely—and to a peasant's child—too. (*Up C.; looking L.*) Eh—who's this old party coming up the walk—it's Squire Rodney—that bodes no good to this place! Holy murther, who's that behind him—if it isn't Lady Travers herself—the powers purtect us—she's found us out! Oh, dear; oh, dear—what in the world shall we do—what in the world will I do? Whisht—she's here!

(*Music, ominous; stops as they get to door. Enter Rodney; followed by Lady Travers; old, very ill, leaning on arm of footman in livery.*)

RODNEY.

This is the place, my lady—and this is the man!

LADY T.

Barney—is that you?

BARNEY.

Faith, your ladyship—I'm not sure—I belave it is!

LADY T.

I thought you were abroad with my son?

BARNEY.

Yes, ma'am—I' with your son, and sure, I fale abroad—leastways, I don't feel at home!

LADY T.

(*Faintly.*) A chair! (*Rodney helps her to chair L.*) Water! (*Barney gives her a glass of water from R.*) (*She drinks it; hands back glass.*) Is my son here?

BARNEY.

No, my lady!

LADY T.

(*Aside.*) So much the better! (*Aloud.*) Is the lady of the house in?

BARNEY.

Is it Lady Carringford ye mane—my lady?

LADY T.

(*Sternly.*) It is not Lady Carrington that I mean!

BARNEY.

(*Aside.*) She knows all! (*Aloud.*) She is in, my lady!

LADY T.

Inform her that a lady would speak with her on important business!

BARNEY.

(*Going.*) I will, my lady!

LADY T.

Stay—not a word of who it is!

BARNEY.

Not for the world, my lady!

LADY T.

And, Barney—

BARNEY.

Yes, my lady—

LADY T.

When I strike twice on this bell, come here instantly—do you understand?

BARNEY.

Oh, very well—my lady!

LADY T.

You may go!

BARNEY.

Thank ye—my lady! (*Aside; going.*) Faith—I'd like to go anywhere out of this mess! (*Exits.*)

LADY T.

Thomas—return to the carriage and wait till I send for you!

(*Servant boxes and exits.*)

Mr. Rodney, I deem it best I should see this girl alone!

RODNEY.

Yes, you are right—'tis best that I should go! But, oh, madame, have pity upon her; break all gently, let your woman's heart feel for a woman's wrongs!

LADY T.

It does—for wrongs of which you little dream!

RODNEY.

I have been merciful to you; you must be merciful to her!

LADY T.

How have you been merciful to me?

RODNEY.

How? When I first learned the truth, I started out to find your son—to take his life for wronging her!

LADY T.

Ah!

RODNEY.

Yes—but I thought of you—his mother—and I said, I will spare him for her sake, for she will force him to do his duty!

LADY T.

And so she will! (*Aside.*) A duty more imperative than that to this low-born girl!

RODNEY.

(*Having gone up R. for hat, comes down R. of Lady T.*) Believing this, I sought you out and told you all; I never should have brought you here to put this child to shame, except it were to save her from that shame itself!

LADY T.

And so you're sure her marriage to my son—

RODNEY.

Was none at all! Alas, my lady, it was none at all!

LADY T.

(*Aside.*) Thank Heaven for that! (*Aloud.*) Go and wait for me at the hotel!

RODNEY.

I will, my lady, and pray Heaven to bless you for this day's noble work! (*Exit L.*)

LADY T.

His blessings are worse than any curse! Why is this girl so long in coming? This suspense is sapping all my strength!

(*Enter Hazel*)

Ah—she's here!

HAZEL.

(*Advancing in wonder.*) You wished to see me, madam?

LADY T.

I did—please be seated near me!

(*Hazel goes up C.*)

The old story—the fatal power of a handsome face!

HAZEL.

(*Aside; getting chair.*) What a strange, commanding tone—I wonder who she is? (*Sits near her.*)

LADY T.

(*Pause.*) I am Lady Travers—the mother of Arthur Carvingford!

(*Hazel starts.*)

You need not fear me—I have not come to curse, but to beg—

HAZEL.

But why—madam—why?

LADY T.

I see shining in your eyes the womanhood that has bewitched my son—and see—to that womanhood—I kneel to be—implore a fearful sacrifice from you! (*About to kneel.*)

HAZEL.

(*Preventing her.*) Oh, madam—you shall not kneel! (*Placing her back in chair.*) Ask any sacrifice I can make in honor, and I will gladly make it for your son!

LADY T.

Alas—you know not what you promise—listen! My husband had a ward, whose fortune he wrongfully used and lost! Upon his dying bed he confessed this to me, and made me promise to hide his shame by marrying our only son to that ward! I promised, and I have lived since, but to keep my word and save our honor!

HAZEL.

Oh, madam—how terrible!

LADY T.

My son never knew why I was so determined to make this match—but he, to humor me, promised to marry Lady Maud! Suddenly I heard he was living here with you—with grief and shame I gathered strength enough to bring myself here to implore you to save us all.

HAZEL.

Oh, what can I do—what can I do?

LADY T.

Be sublime for his sake—fly from him and save him from disgrace?

HAZEL.

Save him from disgrace?

LADY T.

Yes, within a month Lady Maud will come of age, and demand a settlement of her estate—nothing but her marriage to my son, can save him from ruin and shame!

HAZEL.

(In agony.) Oh, how horrible—my punishment begins—I, who should prove his blessing—am his curse! Beggary, humiliation and shame stare him in the face and all—all because of me!

LADY T.

Then leave him—fly from him at once!

HAZEL.

And never see him in this world again? No, no—you ask more than I have strength to do—besides, what use is that—I am his wife—his wretched wife!

LADY T.

What if you were not his wife?

HAZEL.

Ah, then perhaps Heaven would give me the courage to fly for his sake!

LADY T.

(Rising.) It will, heroic girl, for he is free—you are not his wife!

HAZEL.

(Stunned.) Not his wife?

LADY T.

As he deceived me by loving you, so he has betrayed you by a pretended marriage!

HAZEL.

He, Arthur, betrayed me? 'Tis false—I'll not believe it 'Till the proofs—the proofs!

LADY T.

(Staggering; gasps; sinks in chair.) Ah, have mercy or I shall die!

HAZEL.

(Throwing herself at her feet.) Forgive me, I will be wise, calm, patient—only take back your words—tell me that Arthur is not false, and I will leave him, bear disgrace or death, only so that he may be free from every stain!

LADY T.

(Strikes bell twice.) Poor child—would that I could spare

the blow that duty—but no, there is something at stake of greater value than your happiness or my life—the good name of an old and honorable race!

(Enter Barney.)

This man will tell you I speak the truth—when I say you are not the wife of Arthur Carrington!

HAZEL.

(Rises; turns.) This man—why, he was witness to my marriage!

LADY T.

A Scotch marriage upon English ground, and so, illegal, worthless, void!

HAZEL.

(To Barney.) Can this be true?

BARNEY.

Heaven forgive us, miss—it is!

HAZEL.

True! That is what he meant when he said he had not done his duty to me as a wife! He, my Arthur—my brave, gentle, manly Arthur, has deceived me—betrayed me, who trusted him as though he were a god! Oh, my heart is breaking—I shall die—I shall die! *(Kneels before sofa R. sobbing.) (Second music ready.)*

LADY T.

(Goes to her; puts arms around her.) Courage, child, courage!

HAZEL.

(Rising; throws her arm off; goes L.; faces R.) Courage for what—to face the agony of love deceived here in my own heart; to face the taunting finger of a cruel world pointing at my shame? No, never; he shall right my wrong; he shall make me an honorable wife or—

LADY T.

(Staggering.) Peace, girl, or you will add my murder to his other crimes! *(Falls back on sofa.)*

HAZEL.

Murder, no—forgive me; I have done wrong enough; I see it all! It is my father's curse; my father's curse!

(Music.)

You have asked me to fly for his sake; the sake of the man who has degraded me—here is my answer; I accepted these as tokens of love given to an honored wife—he shall have all—all!

(*Has been taking off jewelry and putting it on table; about to take off wedding ring; stops.*) No, no, not this, my marriage ring! This I have bought by a wife's love—a woman's perdition—this I will keep! (*Going.*) The rest I leave forever—I go to cover up his infamy with my shame—and may Heaven forgive you all! (*Exits L.*)

(*Lady T. staggers; falls back dead on sofa; music stops; Barney runs to her, as quickly falls the*)

C U R T A I N.

ACT III.

(Scene: Evening. Kitchen at Blackbourn mill: door lit by glow of fire: clothes-horse with towels on it, before fire: clock and cupboard R., in which are pipe and matches, tobacco, food, dishes, etc.: lighted candle on table C.)

(Mercy and Dolly discovered at table up C., which is between two chairs—ironing. Music at rise: lights half down: clock strikes eight.)

MERCY.

Eight o'clock—it's time for evening prayers, Dolly. Go to the mill and call Joe and Dan!

DOLLY.

All right, aunt! *(Exit R. I. E.)*

MERCY.

Now, to put away the linen! *(Does so in drawers R.)*

(Met plays pipe outside.)

(Starts.) What's that? *(Listens.)*

(Pipe stops.)

Strange—Met used to play that tune—and it sounds like Met's pipe, too—what can it mean? Has he left Hazel? Aye—perhaps he's coom to see me—with news of her! *(Goes: opens door: calls.)* Met, Met, is that you? Met, Met!

(Met, pale, ragged, haggard, enters R.)

(Pulling him in.) It is you! Come in, lad; come in and tell me the news! What's the word—speak, lad, speak!

MET.

I want her—where is she?

MERCY.

Who?

MET.

Hazel—I want her—I've tramped 400 miles to find her!

MERCY.

My heart, lad—what are you saying?

MET.

I must see Hazel—she's here!

MERCY.

Hazel—Hazel here! No, she's not here!

(Met falls into chair.)

Mercy on us—what's coom to thee?

MET.

Not here! Where can she be? Where can she be?

MERCY.

Wi' her hoosband, I suppose!

MET.

No, no—she left him a month ago!

MERCY.

Left him—why?

MET.

I don't know!

MERCY.

Where did she go?

MET.

I thought she'd coom here, so I followed her on foot!
(Rising.) But I'll go back—I'll walk till I die, but I'll find her!

MERCY.

Ah, what do you mean, Met—what do you mean?

MET.

I mean there's something wrong. That man's mother came to the house; she was found dead there and Hazel gone!

MERCY.

Great Heavens, Met—you frighten me!

MET.

Hazel is somewhere, wandering—as I have been for a month—ill, starving, perhaps—as I am! I'll go to her—I must—I will find her! *(At porch door.)*

MERCY.

Stop—and I'll go with thee, lad!

MET.

(Goes to her; takes hand.) Oh, mistress, God will bless you for that word!

MERCY.

But you must wait till after prayers—Dunstan would miss me if I went off now; he'd ask questions—and oh, Met, he must not know; he's been very ill, this news would kill him!

MET.

Then, mistress, go to the master; I'll run down to Squire Rodney's house. If I can find him, he'll help us!

MERCY.

Aye—so he will, lad. Go, go quickly; I will meet you at his house within an hour!

MET.

(*Going.*) Never fear, we'll find her now, for sure! (*Exits.*)

MERCY.

Now to get ready to find Hazel!

(*Dolly enters; followed by Joc and Dan.*)

DOLLY.

We're all here now, aunt!

MERCY.

Aye—all—all but the one who ought to be here the most!

DOLLY.

What do you mean, aunt?

MERCY.

I cannot tell thee now—tomorrow, perhaps! Come, come, child. (*Exeunt Omnes L.*)

(*Pause: knocks on door, repeated: door opens—Green appears: looks around: beckons: Arthur enters.*)

ARTHUR.

Well?

GREEN.

Not a soul in sight—all as quiet as the grave!

ARTHUR.

(*Pointing door L.*) Look yonder—she may be inside!

(*Green opens door: recoils: lifts hat.*)

Well?

GREEN.

They are at prayers!

ARTHUR.

(*Lifts hat.*) And Hazel?

GREEN.

Is not among them!

ARTHUR.

Shall I never find her—never see her precious face again?

(*"Abide with me" sung off: they listen reverently.*)

GREEN.

(*At end of song.*) Their prayers are over now—they'll soon be here—and when they come, we'll ask them, if they have heard anything of your—of her!

ARTHUR.

And if she has not been here—what are we to do?

GREEN.

You may not believe it—but I be hanged if I know!

ARTHUR.

I have searched for her everywhere—without finding a trace. My last hope has been to find her—if we fail now I shall believe the worst!

GREEN.

And what is that?

ARTHUR.

That she has taken her own life; murdered by me! Oh, the thought drives me mad—drives me mad! (*Rises; goes down R.*)

GREEN.

(*Starting.*) Merciful Powers!

ARTHUR.

(*Rising.*) What is it?

GREEN.

We forgot—when they come here, they'll recognize you!

ARTHUR.

And, if they do?

GREEN.

The old miller hates you! If he knows where Hazel is—you're the one man in the world, he'll keep her hidden from!

ARTHUR.

What are we to do?

GREEN.

Leave me to get the truth from Dolly! Once I set her tongue at work, we'll soon know all! Go—wait outside, till I have had a chance to make her talk!

ARTHUR.

(*Going.*) You'll find me at the old seat near the lock! The moment you get news—

GREEN.

I'll fly like lightning to tell you all!

ARTHUR.

(Pausing at doorway.) If we do not find her this time—I shall despair—despair! *(Exit.)*

GREEN.

Poor fellow—he's broken-hearted, and I—I've no more backbone than a caterpillar!

DOLLY.

(Outside.) All right, aunt, I'm going!

GREEN.

(Starting.) Dolly's voice—she's coming; she'll see me! The shock might shake her; I'll spare her feelings for a while! *(Leaves glove on table; hides behind horse.)*

(Enter Dolly, with basket and candle, followed by Joe and Dan.)

JOE AND DAN.

(Together.) Good-night, Miss Dolly!

DOLLY.

Don't forget to tell Squire, Rodney, that Uncle Kirke wants to see him here to-night!

JOE.

I'll see and tell the Squire myself! *(Follows Dan off R.)*

DOLLY.

(Goes to table; sees glove.) Dear me—what's this, a glove! Who's? A man. *(Smells: sternly.)* Pittacus—as sure as I'm a woman! So he's been here and gone away without a word! *(Green appears.)* That's just like the heartless brute! Six weeks since he left me, promising to go and see Hazel, and bring me news of her—not a word from him yet! *(Weeping.)* Oh, these men, these men, why were they ever made? I can't see the use of the faithless things!

(Green behind her: grimacing.)

(Indignantly.) Oh, don't I wish I had him here now! *(Down C.)* How I would make his ears burn and his head ache!

(Green dodges behind screen.)

How I'd warm his brazen cheeks for him! *(Slaps glove across hand; begins to take off towels from horse: slamming them into basket.)*

(Green dodges behind clothes that are left: comic business.)

The base, deceitful hypocrite! *(Slams towel in basket.)*

pretending he couldn't live a day without me! (*Same.*) And then leaving me here—(*Same*) for weeks and weeks (*Same*) with a breaking heart!

(*Green snatches off last towel.*)

(*Starts.*) Mercy—who's that? What—you there, Mr. Green? (*D. C.*)

GREEN.

(*Getting down toward her.*) No, Dolly, I was there, but now I'm here! (*Has come near her.*) And I'm not Green any more, Dolly, but blue—truly blue to see you so severe! (*Kneels.*) Pitty Blue!

DOLLY.

(*Sternly.*) What are you doing here, sir?

GREEN.

Kneeling, I believe—and you may not believe it, but it isn't an k-neesy thing for me to do! (*Rises.*) Ha, ha—dy'e see?

DOLLY.

Yes—I see a donkey!

GREEN.

(*Embraces her and sings to the air of "Comin' Thro' the Rye."*)

If a donkey meet a donkey,

Need a donkey sigh?

And if a donkey kiss a donkey,

Need a donkey cry? (*Kisses her.*)

DOLLY.

Don't touch me, sir!

GREEN.

Sir, to me—that's queer!

DOLLY.

Queer—I should think it was queer! (*Sits in chair L. of table C.*)

GREEN.

Dolly, Dolly, I say!

DOLLY.

Who cares what you say?

GREEN.

But, Dolly, I want—

DOLLY.

Who cares what you want?

GREEN.

But really, my darling!

DOLLY.

Tut, tut; don't dare to darling me after what's happened!

GREEN.

What's happened?

DOLLY.

Oh, you know well enough!

GREEN.

(Aside.) Hang it—Hazel's been here—: told her all, and she thinks I've been an accomplice in this infernal business!
(Aloud.) Don't, Dolly, don't!

DOLLY.

Don't what, sir?

GREEN.

Suspect me—I'm not the man who did it!

DOLLY.

(Amazed.) You are not the man who did it?

GREEN.

I'm not the man!

DOLLY.

(Aside.) Not the man who deserted me all these weeks! He says this to my face! *(Aloud.)* Oh, you brazen rogue!
(Runs to him.)

GREEN.

No, it's Barney—Barney O'Flynn who did it!

DOLLY.

Barney O'Flynn—who's she?

GREEN.

He isn't a she—he's a he!

DOLLY.

What are you talking about?

GREEN.

Barney O'Flynn!

DOLLY.

What about her?

GREEN.

Hang it—he isn't her!

DOLLY.

What is she?

GREEN.

Look here—I say Barney's a man; a male: a masculine—of the Irish gender—now, do you understand? (*Crosses L.*)

DOLLY.

Oh—so you pretend it's a man that's kept you away all this time?

GREEN.

(*Sitting L. of table.*) Yes, and the most unmitigated ass of a man I ever saw—Dolly, if Hazel told you I was to blame—

DOLLY.

(*Sits R. of table; leans over.*) Hazel told me? How could she tell me anything?

GREEN.

(*Puzzled.*) Eh?

DOLLY.

I haven't seen her blessed face for a year—and will never see it again, I'm afraid!

GREEN.

Hasn't Hazel been here?

DOLLY.

Here?

GREEN.

Don't you know?

DOLLY.

Know what?

GREEN.

N-nothing!

DOLLY.

What do you mean by all this talk?

GREEN.

N-nothing—except—that is—I only mean to—to—hang it—to—

DOLLY.

(*Fiercely.*) Pittacus, you're deceiving me; something's happened—don't deny it!

GREEN.

I don't!

DOLLY.

(*Seizing his arm.*) Where's Hazel?

GREEN.

Bless me—that's what I wanted you to tell me!

DOLLY.

Then you don't know where she is?

GREEN.

No—ding it—I wish I did!

DOLLY.

Haven't you see her, then?

GREEN.

Oh, yes—that is, no—not since—

DOLLY.

Not since when?

GREEN.

Well—if you will have it—since she ran away!

DOLLY.

Ran away—from whom?

GREEN.

From her—that is, Lord Travers!

DOLLY.

Her husband, you mean?

GREEN.

Y-yes—I suppose so!

DOLLY.

Suppose so? Don't you know he's her husband?

GREEN.

(*Rising.*) I don't—don't know anything—I only know that life's a nuisance—and it's a swindle to be born!

DOLLY.

(*Kneeling to him as he sits in chair a short distance in front of door L.*) Pittacus, Pittacus, what does this mean? You're hiding something. What's come to Hazel: why has she run away: why do you talk so strangely?

GREEN.

Dolly, my darling—hang it—don't look so miserable, and I'll try to tell you all. You see—

DUNSTAN.

(Outside: calling.) Dolly, Dolly, child!

DOLLY.

(Starting.) That's her father! He's wanting me—hurry, tell me all, quickly!

GREEN.

No, no—not now: he'll come and hear me and he must never know!

DUNSTAN.

(Outside.) Dolly, I say—where are ye?

GREEN.

(Jumping up: getting hat and gloves.) I must run, dear! Meet me outside near the old tree, where we used to talk so much—the moon is shining! I'll wait for you and when you come I'll tell you all!

DOLLY.

All right—I'll go to you the moment I can get away from my uncle!

DUNSTAN.

(Outside.) Are ye never coomin', Dolly?

DOLLY.

Yes, uncle—I'm coming!

GREEN.

Why don't the old bear come here to you?

DOLLY.

Poor old heart—he's blind!

GREEN.

Blind?

DOLLY.

Yes—just after you went away—he got news of some kind, that made him awfully ill—for days he was out of his head—raving about Hazel, and when the fever went away, it left him blind!

DUNSTAN.

(Appearing in doorway: very old and broken.) Dolly, child—what keeps ye so long when ye hear me call?

DOLLY.

(Going L. and leading him.) I had work to finish here, uncle!

DUNSTAN.

(*Sitting.*) Give me my pipe, child—I have much thinking to do to-night, and nothing helps me think like my pipe!

DOLLY.

All right, uncle! (*Goes to Green: sees him out of door: he points outside: seems to ask her if she'll meet him: she gestures, "yes." He kisses her loudly and exits R.*) (*First music ready.*)

DUNSTAN.

What be that?

DOLLY.

(*Getting pipe and tobacco: gets above table C.*) What's what, uncle?

DUNSTAN.

(*R. of table.*) That noise!

DOLLY.

What noise?

DUNSTAN.

'Twere á noise like a kiss, girl!

DOLLY.

Oh, it must have been the sputtering of the fire!

DUNSTAN.

The only fire I ever heard spooter like that, be the fire o' love, lass! Who's been here?

DOLLY.

(*Carelessly.*) When?

DUNSTAN.

Joost now.

DOLLY.

Here's your pipe, uncle—will I light it for you?

DUNSTAN.

Aye, girl, do. (*Bus. of lighting pipe.*) I wish thee could light my eyes as easy as the pipe.

DOLLY.

Ah, uncle, don't talk like that—I can't abide it!

DUNSTAN.

There, there, child—I'm a weak old fool to bother thee with my burdens. Go, find thy Aunt Mercy—she be above stairs; tell her I moost see her here, and then get to bed!

DOLLY.

All right, uncle! (*Going L.*) I'll not go to bed this night, till I've got news of Hazel! (*Exits.*) (*Music.*)

(*Hazel appears outside; looking through window; opens casement; pale and ragged; sees Dunstan; pauses.*)
(*Music stops.*)

DUNSTON.

(*Laying down pipe with sigh.*) There's no use, even the pipe can't comfort me to-night; I moost tell my poor wife a' now! It's hard, bitter hard, to leave the aud mill—a pauper, too—boot it moost be done; better starvation, death, anything, than more debt to Squire Rodney! Oh, that faithless girl o' mine—my only bairn; why should she have been her feyther's curse? Oh, my heart is heavy—would that I were dead, were dead! (*Sobs.*)

(*Hazel moans.*)

(*Starts up.*) What's that?

(*She closes window sharply; disappears L.*)

Who's there—someone at the window—who is it? (*Feels way towards it.*) (*Enter Mercy.*)

MERCY.

What art doin' there, Dunstan?

DUNSTAN.

I could ha' sworn I heard someone at the window!

MERCY.

(*Starting.*) Someone at the window?

DUNSTAN.

Aye—I heard a noise like a moan—and then when I cried out—it seemed as though the window were closed quick and sharp!

MERCY.

(*Aside; down L.*) What if it were Hazel—she may be there longin' to return. (*Aloud.*) Come, Dunstan, sit down and let me speak to thee—perhaps I can mak thee oonderstand the noise at the window! (*Goes and leads him to chair.*)

(*Hazel appears as before.*)

DUNSTAN.

(*Sitting.*) What dost think it were, wife?

MERCY.

Dost know what day this be, sweetheart?

DUNSTAN.

Thursday—I believe!

MERCY.

Yes, Thursday, the 10th day of October!

DUNSTAN.

Ah!

MERCY.

This day two-and-twenty year ago our Hazel were born!

DUNSTAN.

Hist, wife, hist—don't mind me o' that now!

MERCY.

Why not, dear—that were a sweet day to us then!

DUNSTAN.

Aye, but it is a bitter day to us now!

MERCY.

r'eyther, what if thy child were at thy door now—longin'
ro coom back to the old home?

DUNSTAN.

I'd bid her begone!

MERCY.

Oh, Dunstan!

DUNSTAN.

I'd point to these sightless eyes—an' say this is thy work—
I'd point at thee and say, look at thy moother—a beggar wi' thy
feyther in the street—thy work, too!

MERCY.

What dost mean, Dunstan?

DUNSTAN.

I mean, Mercy, wife, that the end has coom—I owe every-
thing to Squire Rodney—an' debt to him I can bear no longer—
I've sent for him to coom, this very night and take possession o'
the mill—to-morrow you an' I an' Dolly, moost wander out beg-
gars, but no longer beggars to the man our flesh and blood has
wronged!

MERCY.

Dunstan, can ye never forgive?

DUNSTAN.

Never! (*Wind.*) Strangers she choose—to strangers let
her look, for she be dead to us forever!

(*Hazel, with moan of despair, disappears R., leaving
window open.*)

(*Starting.*) Hark—that moan again?

(*Second music ready.*)

MERCY.

(*Going to window.*) Aye and see—the window's open! Oh, Dunstan, it may be our child—our Hazel!

DUNSTON.

Hoot, woman—it were the wind (*Wind*) A storm is comin' up—Maister Rodney ull not be here to-night! We'll lock up the mill and get to bed—close the window, wife, and bolt the door!

(*Mercy goes to window: looks out.*)

(*Feels his way to door R.*) Then get thee to bed, Mercy—I'll go once again over the old mill I've loved so long—Good night, wife, and may the angels be wi' you—this last night i' the old mill!

(*Music till he is off.*)

MERCY.

An' my child may be out in the night—homeless and hungry!

(*Third music ready.*)

No, no—I'll go for Maister Rodney—he will save Hazel and be able to break the iron of her father's will! (*Exits: weeping.*) (L.)

(*Third music.*)

HAZEL.

(*Appears at window; slowly opens door; steals wearily in; shivers over the fire.*) Oh, how cold I am—but no fire can ever warm me again! (*Looking around.*) And this is home—the home that I have lost; that I have cursed! My father's chair—how often have I sat here upon his lap; my arms about his neck, and heard him sing his dear old songs—how often have I knelt here at my mother's feet and prayed! (*Fourth music ready.*) (*Sinks on knees before chair.*) as I can never pray again—oh, father, father, Heaven has heard your curse! (*Music.*) (*She buries face with sob in chair.*)

(*Dunstan appears R., stop music.*)

DUNSTAN.

(*Gropes across room; places hand on back of chair at which she kneels; Hazel recoils with a moan.*) (*He starts.*) What's that? (*Wind.*) Nothing but the sobbing of the storm—Ah, it does me good to hear it—it's the voice of my own heart—dear old mill, my eyes will never more behold thee, and my hands have felt thy timbers for the last, last time! Well, God's will be done; God's will be done! (*Gropes way to door L.; lifts hands in prayer; exits.*) (*Hazel follows him across room; removes the chair from his path near door L.; kisses lapel of coat; when he exits buries her face in arms on chair, front of fire.*)

(*Rodney enters L. 2, E.; buttoned up.*)

RODNEY.

(*Shaking hat.*) A fearful night! Dunstan sent for me to-night. I wonder—Is that you, Dolly—asleep?

(*Hazel starts; turns.*)

(*Recognizing; recoils; kneels at her feet.*) Hazel, here; back again—oh, Hazel, my angel—my poor suffering saint—bless you, for coming back! You've brought life, salvation, joy once again to the old mill!

HAZEL.

Oh, Mr. Rodney, don't kneel to me—don't speak to me—let me go; let me go and carry the misery and shame I bring, away from here forever!

RODNEY.

(*Stopping her.*) Let you go—never! You bring misery and shame here—no, no—that's not true!

HAZEL.

Ah—but you do not know!

RODNEY.

Yes, child—I know all—I know that a villain wronged you—but the friend's heart; the mother's arms; the father's home are all open to ye now!

HAZEL.

Mr. Rodney, you know not what you say. My father but now a moment ago—declared that he would never own me in this world again! Tomorrow he leaves this old mill, driven hence by my broken promise—by my open shame!

RODNEY.

No—that shall never be!

HAZEL.

Alas, sir—who can prevent it now?

RODNEY.

You, girl—you!

HAZEL.

I—impossible—he would never accept a service from such as I!

RODNEY.

Yes, girl—one service—one that would pay his debt to me a thousand fold!

HAZEL.

What service is that?

RODNEY.

Keep the old promise—become my wife!

HAZEL.

And would you marry me now?

RODNEY.

Yes, girl, and be the proudest man on earth to call you wife.

HAZEL.

Oh, sir—I—

RODNEY.

I know all ye'd say, child! Your heart has been another's—you would never give me a wife's love—I do not ask it! Oh, Hazel, if you will but marry me—it is only as a beloved daughter I will hold you; a daughter I shall have the right to cherish and to guard!

HAZEL.

Oh, what shall I do; what shall I do?

RODNEY.

Be brave—marry me—save your father—bless your mother; bring joy and happiness to us all again; speak—promise you'll do this!

HAZEL.

Yes—on one condition!

RODNEY.

And what is that, child?

HAZEL.

Call my father—he is blind; he cannot see me. If he consents to let me pay his debt to you—you shall have my hand, and I will be your wife!

RODNEY.

(Kissing her hand.) Brave girl—Heaven will bless ye for this. I'll call your father instantly—wait here—you'll see—all will be well once more! *(Exits L.)*

HAZEL.

Another promise I have made this noble man—this time I'll keep my word, in spite of my own miserable heart!

(Enter Rodney L., leading Dunstan.)

DUNSTAN.

But, Maister Rodney—how did ye get in?

RODNEY.

Some good angel did it; but enough of that—you sent for me—I was delayed; I am here at last—tell me, what's the word tonight?

DUNSTAN.

(Sitting as before.) Maister Rodney, for eight long years I've been in debt to 'e—a debt I thought my child would pay—but—well, when she broke her faith and left us—I strove hard to make the old mill earn enough to pay the money that I owed 'e! Fever laid hold on me and left me blind—all hope of work for me is over now! I have hoot one way to pay my debt, an' that is to gi' ye up the mill!

RODNEY.

And do ye think I'll take it?

DUNSTAN.

Yes, for I shall leave it—I owe ye too much a'ready—I an' mine have wronged ye in every way! I'll go do penance for my child—as a beggar in the street!

RODNEY.

No, Dunstan—let Hazel do penance for herself—let all be as it were before—let her pay your debt and marry me!

DUNSTAN.

She marry you?

RODNEY.

Aye—you know she's free!

DUNSTAN.

Free of what—of stains of shame?

RODNEY.

Come, come, sir—no more of that!

DUNSTAN.

No, no—she can never pay any debt o' mine!

RODNEY.

Dunstan—hear me—

DUNSTAN.

No, no—I'll not hear a word!

(Hazel kneels before him.)

If she were here before my face, kneeling at my feet, prayin' for my consent to marry ye—I'd tell her nay—never! I'd tell her she had wronged ye bad enough wi'out makin' ye the hoosband of a dishonored creetur like herself!

(Hazel falls.)

RODNEY.

(Raising her up.) Silence, hard-hearted man—silence for fear the curse of Heaven should fall upon your iron will, and break its strength forever!

DUNSTAN.

I do but my duty, sir, to you and my own pride!

RODNEY.

So you'll not consent to have her marry me?

DUNSTAN.

(Rising.) Never, sir—good night; I'll see ye out and bolt the door.

RODNEY.

Not yet—go call Mercy and bid her come here!

DUNSTAN.

What do ye want of her?

RODNEY.

(Leading him L.) Good advice—that you don't know how to give!

DUNSTAN.

A' reet, sir; I'll send her, but mind this, Mercy has given her word never to set eyes upon her child wi'out my consent! I warn ye, she'll not lie even to please you, Maister Rodney—and so good-night, sir! *(Exits L.)*

RODNEY.

(Crosses to Hazel, who sits dazed in chair.) Hazel, Hazel, dear, don't grieve—Hazel, Hazel—what's come to thee? *(Puts hand upon her. She starts as if in dream.)* Hazel, speak to me!

HAZEL.

(Rising.) Mr. Rodney—do you love me still?

RODNEY.

More than life or all the world, but as a father—Hazel, dear, a father, and no other way!

HAZEL.

If you love me, leave me—let me alone to-night—to-morrow will settle all for the best, I hope!

RODNEY.

Must I leave you, then?

HAZEL.

If you care aught for my happiness!

RODNEY.

But we'll meet again?

HAZEL.

I hope so—(*aside*)—in Heaven!(*Fifth music ready.*)

RODNEY.

Then good-night, my poor dear lamb—your mother's coming; you can rest on her heart and be at peace! Good-night! (*Kisses her forehead. Exit R.*) (*Music till curtain.*)

HAZEL.

It is all over—I know the worst now—and I know my course—I'll go, and there in the water that brought so much misery to this house, I'll drown my sorrows and my sins! (*Going R.*) Good-bye, old home—farewell, dear memories, sweet hopes—farewell, mother, father, friends—life! (*Exit L.*)

(*Pause; re-enter Dunstan.*)

DUNSTAN.

Mercy has gone, Maister Rodney; where can she be—eh? Why don't ye answer? No one here; the house deserted—what can it mean?

MET.

(*Outside.*) Help! help! she's drowning, drowning—I saw her jump in—it's Hazel, Hazel! (*Rushing across back from L.*) Hurry! help! help!

DUNSTAN.

(*In horror.*) Hazel drowning—dying, here, before my face—no, no—I'll save her! Ah, Heaven, I cannot—I am blind! (*Falling on knees.*) Oh, God, this is thy punishment—I was blind when I drove her out, and now when I could save her, I cannot see; I cannot see! (*Falls to ground.*) (*Stop music.*)

(CURTAIN.)

ACT IV.

(Scene: Same as Act 3. Jug of water and mug on table C. Dolly discovered asleep in chair near table. Enter Green with cigarette.)

GREEN.

(Sings line of "Molly Bawn;" calls gently.) Dolly, Dolly. Dolly don't answer—Dolly's in Heaven now—and yet who would sleep away? Not I, nor shall she. How lovely she looks—yes, a veritable sleeping beauty—but her time has come—the prince is here, and will wake her with a kiss. Will you—of course she will! *(Kisses her.)*

(Dolly makes motion as though brushing away a fly.)

She takes me for a fly—I'll fly it again! *(Business repeated.)* Fire in the shape of a kiss is a failure—we'll try smoke! *(Puffs smoke in her face.)*

DOLLY.

(Awakes with a sneeze; jumping L.) Pah—smoke—where's the fire?

GREEN.

Here—in my breast—consuming my heart for you!

DOLLY.

Oh, Pittacus, I'm so glad you've come; I've got so much to tell you—such strange things have happened!

GREEN.

Strange—let's hear it—I adore everything that's strange—that's why I delight in you!

DOLLY.

No nonsense now—listen and explain if you can!

GREEN.

I can explain everything—except the power of a woman to make a donkey of a man.

DOLLY.

Last night after I returned from my meeting with you—when you told me all about my poor dear Hazel—*(Wipes eyes.)*

GREEN.

Well?

DOLLY.

I found Uncle Dunstan lying here, unconscious, on the floor—I was terrified; called for help; there was no one in the house—even Aunt Mercy had disappeared; gone off to Squire Rodney's house to meet that crazy creature, Met!

GREEN.

What did you do?

DOLLY.

You won't believe me when I tell you!

GREEN.

No matter—tell me all the same!

DOLLY.

Well, sir, I carried that big man into the other room and laid him on the lounge myself!

GREEN.

The tale is a tough one—but—(*Feeling her muscle*)—you may not now believe it—but I believe it now!

DOLLY.

Aunt Mercy came in soon after—we worked for hours until we brought him to; we've been up with him all night, for ever since he came to consciousness, he's been out of his head!

GREEN.

Out of his head—that's nothing when you're used to it—as I am!

DOLLY.

You are?

GREEN.

Yes, and you're to blame!

DOLLY.

What do you mean?

GREEN.

It's very queer, but I've always noticed that while a man may lose his mind—like old pig-head, your uncle, without its affecting his heart—he can never have an affection of the heart, without running the risk of losing his mind! Now, I say, darling, did you ever feel as though you were losing your mind?

DOLLY.

Never!

GREEN.

That's because you've no mind to lose, I suppose!

DOLLY.

(Pushing him off.) Not on your account, sir!

GREEN.

There—forgive me—I didn't mean it!

(Mercy appears L.)

DOLLY.

Hush—my aunt!

MERCY.

(Advancing.) At last he seems to be asleep! What! You here, Mr. Green?

GREEN.

(Embarrassed.) Well, Madam—no—that is, yes—I rather think I am!

MERCY.

And Hazel—my child—have you any news of her?

GREEN.

(Confused.) Well, you see—that is *(Aside to Dolly)* does she know the truth?

DOLLY.

Nothing from me!

MERCY.

Well, sir—can't you answer me?

GREEN.

Yes, of course—that is, I could—if you—I—we—only knew what you meant.

MERCY.

Oh, sir—something terrible has happened—I feel it in my heart, but I'm so dazed with grief, I can't quite make it out. Last night Met appeared; told me Hazel had left her hoosband and could not be found. I promised to meet him at Aaron Rodney's house; I went there late last night—neither Met nor Maister Rodney could be found. I hurried home and found my husband dangerously ill! What happened while I was gone, I cannot say—but I think Hazel must have come and—

GREEN AND DOLLY.

(Together; eagerly.) Well, well?

MERCY.

I fear he heard her; had a fit of rage, drove her out again; and was struck down by the power of his passion!

GREEN.

Impossible—if Hazel had been here she would not have gone without a word to you!

MERCY.

It's hard to think it—and yet I cannot tell—cannot tell!

(Enter Rodney.)

Ah, thank Heaven, Mr. Rodney, you've come—have you seen Hazel?

RODNEY.

Certainly—here!

ALL.

Here?

RODNEY.

Last night—we were to meet again this morning!

MERCY.

Where?

RODNEY.

Here!

MERCY.

Then she is coming?

RODNEY.

Coming—has she gone?

MERCY.

We do not know!

GREEN.

(Starting.) Good Heavens—I have an idea!

DOLLY.

What is it?

GREEN.

I see it all—she's gone with her husband!

MERCY.

Her husband?

GREEN.

He came down here to look for her! When I returned to our lodgings last night, he was not there! I didn't mind it—for ever since she left him, he's had a fashion of wandering out at night till very late!

RODNEY.

Well, well, go on!

GREEN.

When I awoke this morning, he was not in his room!

DUNSTAN.

(*Outside; calling.*) Water! water!

MERCY.

Hark—'tis Dunstan!

DUNSTAN.

(*Appearing in doorway; followed by Joe.*) Water! water! water!

RODNEY.

What does this mean?

MERCY.

He's raving again!

DUNSTAN.

Water—quick—I'm burning up!

(*Dolly gives him water.*)

This is the lake that burnest forever—remorse, remorse, remorse!. (*About to drink; pauses; pushes water away.*) Water—no, no, take it away—'twas water killed her!

RODNEY.

What's that he says?

DUNSTAN.

Hark! I hear that cry again—Oh, God, save her, save her; she's drowning, drowning!

ALL.

Drowning?

DUNSTAN.

Hush—not so loud—see how sweetly she is sleeping!

MERCY.

(*With cry.*) Ah, I see it all—my child is drowned, drowned! (*Falls on Rodney's breast.*)

RODNEY.

No, no—it cannot be! (*Supports Mercy to chair L.*)

DUNSTAN.

Hush—not so loud, you'll wake her—yes, she was drowned—I did it; I held her till she died; I couldn't help it! Something forced me on—what was it? This hard, hard, hard heart!

RODNEY.

Horrible, horrible! (*Leans head on arms on table.*)
(*Dolly weeps on Green's shoulder.*)

DUNSTAN.

See, see—there she goes to the mill; she beckons me—yes, yes, I'm coming, coming, coming! (*Starts toward R.; Joe leads him.*) Yes, take me to the mill; the noise there will drown the awful voices here, here, here! (*Exits with Joe, striking forehead.*)

RODNEY.

(*Aside in agony.*) And this is the bitter end of all—no, no; there's something still to do! (*To Green.*) There is a duty here for you and for me, sir—let us go! (*They start.*)

MERCY.

(*Starting up.*) Where are ye going?

RODNEY.

To see Hazel—there! (*Pointing off C.*)
(*Met plays pipe merrily, off L.*)

MERCY.

Hark—'tis Met—'tis Met, and he has news of her!
(*Met rushes in R.*)

ALL.

Hazel—where's Hazel?

MET.

She's saved!

ALL.

Saved?

MET.

Yes—by her hoosband!

ALL.

Her husband?

MERCY.

Where is she, lad—where is she?

MET.

Coming here with him—God bless him!

GREEN.

How did he save her?

MET.

Last night when she fell into the river—I called for help and jumped in—the river was running strong, and when I caught her in my arms, she was unconscious—I was growin' faint, and beginning to despair—when I saw a man standin' on the bank—I shouted, he heard, and plunged in—

RODNEY.

Go on, brave boy—go on!

MET.

It was Hazel's hoosband—and ah—it's a stout heart and a strong arm he has. He landed us both near Deacon Woodford's house—there we took Hazel, and there her hoosband nursed her back to life—as she had nursed him a year before!

MERCY.

God bless him—God bless him! (*weeps for joy.*)(*Hazel appears R.; followed by Arthur.*)

HAZEL.

(*Holding out arms.*) Mother!

ALL.

Hazel! Hazel!

(*All gather around her with expressions of joy and delight; Met dances.*)

GREEN.

Will you permit me? (*Kisses hand.*)

RODNEY.

(*To Arthur.*) You've won her now, sir—and I can't help believing you mean to right her wrongs.

ARTHUR.

Ah, sir—how can I right such wrongs as hers?

RODNEY.

By making her your wife!

ARTHUR.

My answer to that is this! (*Giving Rodney paper, who retires up.*) Ah, Green, this is a happy day, but I thank Heaven my mother never lived to see it!

GREEN

What do you mean?

ARTHUR.

I told you of the shame that was overhanging our house!

GREEN.

You did!

ARTHUR.

Well, I ordered my solicitor to settle my estate and satisfy every claim of Lady Maud's against my grandfather if it took the last penny I had in the world!

GREEN.

Well?

ARTHUR.

He obeyed my orders, and there remains to me now—nothing!

GREEN.

Nothing?

ARTHUR.

Nothing but my own hands, my own brains, and the endless wealth of my love for her!

GREEN.

(Grasping hand.) Travers, I congratulate you. You're more than a lord now—you're every inch a man!

RODNEY.

(Advancing C.) Can this be possible! Here indeed is cause for rejoicing! From this letter I gather that the inn at which the ceremony was performed was not on the English but on the Scottish side of the line; therefore your marriage with Hazel was a legal one after all, and it seems that Barney, the scoundrel, was the only one to blame!

GREEN.

Don't blame Barney—we ought to be very well satisfied that it wasn't on the Irish side of the line! *(Goes up.)*

DUNSTAN.

(Inside.) Save her! Save her!

HAZEL.

Hark—what's that?

DUNSTAN.

(Inside.) Where is she; where is she?

MERCY.

Oh, Hazel, it is your father!

HAZEL.

He will not drive me out again!

MERCY.

No, no—he shall not—he cannot do it now!

DUNSTAN.

(Appearing at door, followed by Joe.) Let me get at her; let me get at her—fools, stand back—give her air, air!

HAZEL.

Heaven help me—he's mad, mad—what shall we do; what shall we do?

RODNEY.

Sing the song you used to sing to him so long ago—it may calm his wretched soul and soothe his brain!

(Hazel sings song of Act I.)

DUNSTAN.

(Listening.) Her voice, from Heaven—singing the old song. No—it's gone—I hear her shriek for help—let me out of this—where's the door—bring me a light—a light!

(Hazel takes his hand.)

MERCY.

(At Hazel's side.) Have patience, poor heart—have patience!

DUNSTAN.

(Mistaking Hazel for Mercy.) Mercy, be that you?

MERCY.

Yes, Dunstan, I'm here at thy side!

(Arthur advances chair.)

DUNSTAN.

I'm glad thee's coom—but why didn't ye bring a light—I'm aweary o' this darkness!

MERCY.

Patience—sweetheart—the light will coom—the light will coom!

DUNSTAN.

Aye, Mercy wife, thee always brings the light to me; my precious, faithful, loving wife!

MERCY.

No, no, Dunstan—don't say that—for I have a sin to confess to thee!

DUNSTAN.

(Sitting.) Thee a sin to confess to me—I'll not believe it!

MERCY.

It's true, Dunstan—I've broken my promise to thee!

DUNSTAN.

Broken thy promise?

MERCY.

I've seen our child wi'out thy consent!

DUNSTAN.

(Starting up.) Seen Hazel? *(Sinking back.)* Yes, yes—I know, I know—thee's seen her poor, dear, dead face; thee's not seen her—she's there above praying to God to forgive me—forgive me!

MERCY.

No Dunstan, no—it's not her body alone I've seen, but her soul, too—shining in her eyes wi' living love for thee—her feyther!

DUNSTAN.

She's alive—saved, then?

MERCY.

Aye, Dunstan—by her husband, the man who took her from thee has brought her back to thy old arms!

(Hazel kneels before him.)

DUNSTAN.

Where is she—where is she?

MERCY.

Stretch forth your hands and feel her face!

DUNSTAN.

(Feeling Hazel's face.) Who's this?

HAZEL.

Thy child—thine only child.

DUNSTAN.

(Cries for joy. Pulling her up on his breast.) Hazel, Hazel, coom, coom to my heart!

RODNEY.

At last, Dunstan—the iron of thy will has melted in the fire of a feyther's love!

DOLLY.

Oh, Pittacus, my happiness is perfect now!

GREEN.

You may not believe it—but so is mine—no—not quite!
(To audience.) Will you permit me? Thank you!
'Twas our way from earliest times of winding up the play
A kindly custom—actors know its worth.
Peace after pain, and after sadness—mirth!
You've seen to-night a conscientious man
Afflict his soul, as only conscience can.
You've seen the suffering he has caused and felt,

Ere yet his iron will was forced to melt.
You've guessed the lesson we would fain instill,
That human heart is more than human will.
You've shed your tears; pray now, let me beguile
Your friendly faces of one parting smile.
You've seen me drifting through this mimic scene,
And turning everything—

(Taking Dolly by hand; leading her forward.)

—well, one thing Green.

'Tis Nature's general and her favorite tint,
And, therefore—well, I merely drop the hint.
Green though I am—I've brought these lovers through,
And what I've done for them I'll try and do for you!
Don't brood on care; the trouble that we make
Is always hard to bear—and harder still—to shake.
Smile on the world—the trouble that is sent.
In patience take it as your punishment.
For he wins who laughs—he does not care a rap—he!
And so, like Pittacus, he's always hap-py!

(CURTAIN.)

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